McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 28 1910 NO. 29

SHOCKING ACCIDENT NEAR SMETHPORT SUNDAY MORNING.

Jas. Kinney, a 17-Year-Old Marvindale Boy was Killed.

ATTEMPTED TO ALIGHT FROM TRAIN

His Skull was Crushed and Death Probably Resulted Immediately—He was Agent for Williamsport Grit and Was Riding on Shawmut Freight to Make Deliveries—Discovered by Harry Biglow and Fred Ripley.....

Shortly after 10 o'clock Sunday morning as Harry Biglow and Fred Ripley, two young men who reside at Comes, were walking along the Shawmut railroad tracks they were horrified to discover the body of a young man lying along the right-of-way at Comes crossing, about three and a half miles from Smethport.

Further investigation revealed the fact that the prostrate figure was that of James Kinney, the son of Wm. Kinney of Marvindale. His head was crushed and life was extinct.

The Kinney boy was agent for the Pennsylvania Grit and had patrons as far away as Comes. He was in the habit of jumping the Shawmut trains and riding to Comes, where he made his deliveries and also delivered papers to customers along the wagon road on his return home.

About 10 o'clock Sunday morning he boarded a Shawmut freight train coming this way from St. Marys. In all probability the train, which was a light one, was running at a high rate of speed and when the lad tried to alight he was thrown forward with terrific force, terribly injuring his face and head. From marks in the cinders and gravel along the track it would appear that Kinney had struck first on his feet. An unopened bundle of papers lay on one side of the body and one hand clutched a small bag containing 45 cents.

On making their gruesome find Biglow and Ripley, without disturbing the body, at once notified residents nearby and Dr. Chadwick of this borough was summoned. The physician made a quick trip to the scene in his automobile but his services were unnecessary. It was found that the front of the victim's head had been completely crushed in and death had probably resulted instantly.

The crew of the freight train, which stopped for some time in the local yards soon after the accident were in all probability unaware of the fatality, as some of the crew conversed with friends during their tarry here but made no mention of even having seen Kinney attempt to get off the train.

Coroner Sherman of Bradford was given the particulars of the accident and gave permission for the body to be moved to the home of his father.

James Kinney was a fine young man who was the possessor of hosts of friends in this vicinity among whom his sudden and untimely death has caused much genuine sorrow. He was quite well known in Smethport and had been in town the day preceding his death. He is survived by his father three sisters and two brothers, his mother having died over a year ago.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was held Tuesday afternoon.

CHAS GOODRICH DEAD.

Passed Away at Rochester, N. Y. Tuesday Evening.

Word was received in this borough yesterday of the death of Chas. Goodrich, which occured in Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday evening. Particulars were meagre and the cause of his death can not be learned.

Chas. Goodrich was at one time a well known Smethport young man and for several years has made his residence in Rochester.

He is survived by a widow and a stepson, also by five sisters, three of whom, Mrs. Jas. McGuire, Mrs. O. T. Chase and Miss Lulu Goodrich, reside in Smethport.

The funeral will be held Friday morning at Rochester.

The Lindholm Co.'s Millinery.

Mrs. H. E. McCly of Buffalo has been secured to take charge of The Lindholm Company Millinery department and this popular branch of the business will be continued. At present all millinery is being sold at one-half the regular selling price.

TRAVELED SOME.

A Letter received in this Borough Which has been in Transit for a Year.

A letter received by Miss Ada Calkins of this borough July 16th, which has been in transit for over a year, during which time it has made five trips between Mexico and the United States.

While in Mexico City, Mexico, on a visit over two years ago Miss Calkins became acquainted with a lady, Mrs. R. P. Jennings by name, who was a resident of that city.

June 1908, Mrs. Jennings wrote her Smethport friend a letter and addressed it to Southport, N. Y. The missive, as a consequence did not reach its destination and after being sent to various places was returned to the sender in Mexico City.

Mrs. Jennings put the entire letter in a new envelope and re-addressed it to Mrs. Calkins in care of another well known Smethport resident, but to the same place as previously.

The letter upon arriving was again sent the rounds of a number of places and duly sent back to Mexico City.

In the meantime Mrs. Jennings had moved away from Mexico City and as she could not be located, the postal authorities sent the missive back to the States.

After being sent from town to town the letter finally reached Smethport where it was delivered to the party to whose care it was sent, who in turn delivered it to the person for whom it was intended.

Both the outside and inside envelopes which enclosed the letter were almost completely covered with various post marks, and the letter as a whole is quite a curiosity, demonstrating as it does, the thoroughness of the modern postal system.

ANGUS WAS ARRESTED.

And Then He was Arrested Again—He is a "King Bee."

On Tuesday evening Chief of Police McCarthy rounded up Angus Campbell, a large and powerful blacksmith from a nearby community, who was carrying too heavy a load of horseshoe oil. When discovered Angus had fallen into a depression along the roadside on Franklin sreet, and his efforts to extricate himself therefrom were of no avail, but had a tendency to attract considerable attention. At a hearing before Burgess Cleveland Wednesday morning he was released.

This was the last seen of Angus by the authorities until last evening, when he was sighted by Officer Foote trying to force his way into a local meat market in spite of the forcible objections of the proprietor. On this occasion he was wearing, besides a beautiful jag, a sign bearing the legend: "I Am The King Bee," which had been placed on his back by some local wag.

OfficerFoote is a believer in signs and immediately stopped the flitting about of the "King" and placed him in the borough hive. The "King Bee" will bee given a hearing before "Big Boss Bee" Cleveland this morning on the charge of being a drone.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Lightning Struck and Does Considerable Damage on East Main Street.

During the severe electrical storm which visited this place early Monday morning lightning struck on lower Main street.

The bolt struck a telephone pole near the residence of E. T. Daly knocking off one of the cross arms, and also hit a maple tree in front of the residence of Mrs. Kate Wright. Jumping across the street it struck a cross arm of a telephone pole standing in front of the Wright House, turning it so that it stood almost perpendicular. The result was that the glass insulators were broken on poles for some distance up and down the street, and the local telephone service greatly impaired.

People residing in the vicinity were more or less shocked by the bolt.

The same flash struck Daly's Livery barn, nearby, with the result that one of the rafters over one of the stalls was set on fire. The blaze was quickly extinguished and little damage was done.

Twenty-one phones connected with the local exchange were put out of commission as a result of this storm and linemen are still working, repairing damage done to the lines in this vicinity.

Tuition free to prospective teachers at Edinboro Normal. Write for circular and catalog Edinboro Normal. Fall session begins Sept. 6, 1910. John F. Bigler, Prin.

BIG MILL AT GOODYEAR LUMBER JOB.

It is Now Located at Austin but it will be Moved.

GROUND IS NOW BEING CLEARED.

The Goodyears' Had Intended to Ship Timber from Potato Creek Tract to Austin to be Sawed; but Railroad Rates were Not Satisfactory—Timber May Come This Way.

It is now practically assured that Austin will lose the Goodyear sawmill, one of the largest in the country. This move has been rumored for some time past but now things have taken on a definite form.

When the Goodyears first started their lumbering operations at Norwich, on Potato creek, last spring, it was with the intention of sending the timber from the job to their big Austin mill to be manufactured.

When it came to making rates with the receiver for the B. & S. R. R. it was found that the new management would not, so rumor has it, come to satisfactory terms with the deposed stockholders and demanded $2 a car trackage for hauling their timber over their lines to Austin, with the result that the Goodyear Company would not stand for the price.

A site has been selected at Norwich; the contract has been let, and a large force of men were set to work to clear off the ground last week. To do this will require the peeling of 7,000 cords of bark.

A private railroad making connections with the B. & S. railroad at Keating Summit was built to their new lumber operations and it was the intention to send timber to Austin by this route.

During the past winter the B. & S. railroad, in which the Goodyears are largely interested, went into the hands of a receiver and out of the control of the lumber magnates.

It is understood that the work of moving this huge industry will be started in the near future.

As it is estimated that it will take ten years to cut this huge tract of over 25,000 acres, the locating of the mill at Norwich will transform that place into a substantial town.

This mill has for several years past been one of the mainstays of Austin, employing, as it does a large force of men, and its removal will be keenly felt in that place.

It is rumored that the lumber company may build a road to either Hamlin or Colegrove where connections will be made with the Clermont branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the purpose of hauling away manufactured lumber form the mill. If this is the case the lumber will all go this way.

EASTERN STAR PICNIC.

Enjoyable Time at Riverhurst Park on Tuesday.

The annual Eastern Star picnic was held at Riverhurst park, near Olean Tuesday. Large delegations from the lodges of that order in Duke Centre, Port Allegany, Eldred, Bradford and Smethport were in attendance.

The local delegation left on the morning train over the Shawmut railroad, thirty-four tickets being sold from this borough.

The picnic was of the regular old fashioned variety and there was fun to the limit, in fact it was one of the most successful gatherings of its kind ever held by the order in this section.

The day was spent in enjoying the various facilities for amusement at this popular resort, and as evening drew nigh the picnickers took trains for their various homes.

The local delegation returned by the evening train on the Shawmut railroad.

A Good Record.

The material growth of the Clarion State Normal School is shown by the fact that in 1905 sixty-eight students were recommended to the State Board, while in 1910 three hundred and twenty-five were recommended and all passed with highly creditable records. The school stands for high grade work. Fall Term opens September 13th. Get a new illustrated catalog by addressing a postal card to the Principal, J. George Becht, Clarion, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

MOTION COURT?

Much Business Transacted at Short Session Last Week.

Motion court convened at the Court House in this borough last Thursday afternoon, Judge Bouton presiding.

The first case was that of J. F. Barnes who was recently arrested and committed to the county jail in this borough on a charge of having stolen a laundry bag containing divers articles of wearing appearel, belonging to J. E. Mullin, Esq., of Kane. Barnes, who presents the appearance of having "been there before" was, literally speaking, caught with the stolen articles on his person. On being brought before the court he pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to pay a fine of $10, cost of prosecution, make reparation for the losses occasioned by his stealing and be imprisoned in the Western Penitentiary for a period of not less than nine months, nor more than three years.

Robert Maguire, accused of stealing cutlery, also pleaded guilty and was given a sentence similar to that of Barnes.

Ben Thomas, a gentleman who recently set a new record for flying thro' space between Hazelhurst and Eldred on the Shawmut railroad, by means of a handcar, which he annexed without going thro' the proper formalities, and as a consequence was arrested and plead guilty to the offense, was given a lecture. He was placed under probation for a period of nine months, C. B. Gillis of Kane being appointed probation officer.

A Charter was duly granted by the court to the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis society.

The Printz Clothing company, of Kane, filed application for the dissolution of the corporation doing business under that title.

Pearl Welger filed a libel in divorce against her husband, Charles Welger. Like action was begun by Albert Anderson against his wife, Alma Anderson.

Myrtle Bronk was given a divorce from her husband, Peter Bronk.

Court fixed Sept. 5 as the date for a hearing on an appeal by the B., R. & P. road from the triennial assessment made upon its property in Mt. Jewett borough by the county commissioners.

Court adjourned to August 18.

POMONA GRANGE.

Meeting to be Held at Farmer Valley on Wednesday, Aug. 3.

The Pomona Grange of McKean county will hold its annual meeting at Stull's hall, Farmers Valley next Wednesday. The following program has been prepared for the day:

11 a. m. Called to order.
Business session.
Dinner.
2 p. m. Business session.
3 p. m. Literary program.
Song, Grange.
Address of Welcome, Mrs. E. C. Day.
Response, Peter Bowers.
Recitation, Lulu Robbins.
Talk—How Roads were Built when I was Young—Gilbert Moody.
Song, Mrs. Ray Mosier.
Paper—History of Road Building in the U. S.—Clara Taylor.
Recitation, Irma Carpenter.
Talk—The Importance of Good Roads to a Farmer—M. S. Comes.
Recitation, Miss Laura Welch.
Talk—The Importance of Good Roads to a Town—Dr John Clark.
Recitation, James McGowan.
Paper—Macadamized Roads—C. C. Melvin.
Duet, Messrs. Boller and Lilly.
Short Address—Old Country Roads—D. C. Young.
Recitation, Frank Strongberg.
General Discussion—The Split Road Drag, opened by Frank Burdick.
Song, Grange.

Evening Session.

7:30 p. m. Conferring the 5th degree.
8:30 p. m. Literary program.
Song, Grange.
Recitation, Forest Day.
Paper—Influence of the Home for Peace—Mary Baxter.
Duet, Lydia Grantier and Mrs. A. M. Bartlett.
Paper—The School as a Factor for Peace—Prof. Lillibridge.
Solo, Mrs. Goding.
Paper—Universal Peace—Alberta Cory.
Song, Grange.

We have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

GREAT M'KEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES.

To be Held in this Borough September 6, 7, 8 & 9.

ARRANGEMENTS PROGRESSING FAST

The Managment is Putting Forth Every Effort to Make This Year's Event one that Will Eclipse all Previous Meets—Their Efforts Should Meet with Hearty Support.

The McKean County Fair Association is making great preparation for its Sixth Annual Fair and Races to take place at Smethport, Pa., September 6, 7, 8, and the 9th, the day the auto is given away. This association realizes that to make a success of this undertaking, everyone in McKean Co. must do their part, however great or small the effort required, it should be faithfully performed if everything is to be quite perfect.

Among the officers of this association are some of the best men to be found in the country, men who give up a large amount of time each year to arrange and perfect the various details which must be arranged, and perfected if the people are to find conditions such as to please them when they come to Smethport to see McKean county's best efforts in agriculture, stock-raising, education, athletics, art and the various other lines of handiwork which are brought together at the Fair every autumn.

The list of premiums has been thoroughly revised with a view of making it representative of the best of everything in the county. In the stock departments the aim is to encourage the stock owners toward better breeds, in agricultural departments to finer fruits and vegetables, especially those best adapted to this climate; in the art department all that is newest combined with the fine work of the housewife that is not only ornamental but useful, with an idea of adding something for all ages and classes, a Juvenile department has been added to the list. This department is headed by Mrs. Mary D. Howden of Coryville, a most capable woman and especially suited to arouse an interest among the children. The educational department has been thoroughly revised, many new things have been added, with a view to interesting a much wider circle of contestants, such as the teachers, directors, principals of high schools, farmers and children of all ages in their various lines of educational and industrial work.

Plans are already being made for another big day for the school athletic meet. This line of school work should interest every school boy in the county, both in towns and rural districts, for the country boy stands an equal or even better chance of winning in feats of endurance of tests of skill, demanding steady nerves and strong muscles, so every school boy in the county should plan and prepare to enter in at least one of the forthcoming contests.

The races will undoubtedly be the best ever held here, as this Fair precedes two of the nearby New York state fairs, and follows two other big fairs which should bring very good horses here.

The catalogue this year is full of interesting matter of all kinds, prominent among which is an article of great value on the history of McKean County from the pen of the Honorable Rufus Barrett Stone of Bradford. This worthy gentleman is President of the McKean County Historical Society, has long been a resident of this section, and probably no one around here is better fitted than he to tell the people of the interesting events in the past as well as the present growth of this section.

Among the interesting attractions this year we understand a fine automobile is to be given away, it is an "Empire 20", $950.00, 20 horse power, two passenger roadster. The graceful, racy lines and attractive finish of the Empire are so distinctive as to leave a lasting impression wherever the car is seen.

To the list of officers has been added H. J. Rice, assistant superintendent, Mrs. Guy McCoy, advertising manager, George Richards has been made superintendent of the horse department, A. T. Palmer, Superintendent of the farm machinery department; and an advisory board has been added, which is made up of Mrs. Marie E. Rice, Mrs. B. W. Heinemann and Mrs. D. C. Young.

All sorts of interesting entertainment is being prepared by those in charge for the pleasure of the people, special programs of which will appear later. We are sure no one who attends this Fair will be disappointed.

RECEIVED BLACK HAND NOTE.

Mike Rich, Well Known Italian Contractor of Bradford, was Recipient —Captured Suspects at Point of a Revolver.

Joe Spete and Carl Frank, Italians who recently came to Bradford from Kane and secured quarters at a North street boarding house, were arrested last night and this morning were scheduled for a hearing before Alderman Foley on a charge of blackmail, says Tuesday's Bradford Star-Record. The hearing was postponed until 4 p. m. to-morrow. The prisoners were required to furnish bail for their appearance at the next term of criminal court.

Mike Rich, the contractor, furnished the information on which the Italians were arrested. Mike stated that he received a letter yesterday morning which bore all the earmarks of a genuine Black Hand communication. It was written in the Italian language and was translated as follows:

Bradford, Pa., July 23.

Dear Mike Rich—This is the first and last letter. We want you to come over to the foot bridge on north street to the garden. There will be a man to meet you and will say: "Bone Nera Mike Rich," which is understood to mean "Good Black, Mike Rich." You give me $300 and you go home and we will leave you in peace. Do you understand? You must not talk with the police because the police cannot do anything to us as we are too wise for them. Nothing else to say only if we do not get the money Monday night, we will kill your whole family. With this money we want to send to a friend of ours out of town. If you don't that man is good enough to cut off your ears. $300 is nothing to you. Nothing else but make sure that you are on time.

MANA NERA,
(Black Hand).

On the bottom of the letter was drawn a heart, dagger, bomb and a hand. Underneath these symbols or diabolism were written the letters L. M. S. D. M.

The letter, Mr. Rich said was post marked Bradford with Saturday's date.

Mr. Rich at once concluded to play the game through and at 9:25 last evening he went to the north street bridge. Officer Lane and a number of armed citizens accompanied him as far as the end of the bridge where they hid themselvs from view. As Rich walked upon the bridge he saw two men coming towards him. As they drew near they spoke to the contractor, who for a reply flashed a big revolver. He covered the men and held them quit until Policeman Lane and several others made them captives.

When searched at the police station each man was found to have a razor in his pocket, but no revolver or stiletto.

At a hearing before Alderman Foley of Bradford yesterday morning the two prisoners were held for the next term of criminal court on two charges. Their bail being $300 for each charge, or $600 apiece. They will probably be brought to Smethport and lodged in jail today. M. Rich, the prosecutor, was represented by Attorneys J. Fitzgibbon of Bradford and J. Ruffalo of Smethport.

THE WHEELS OF THE LAW.

County Detective Jones Arrests One Man and is Instrumental in the Return of Stolen Money.

A week ago last Saturday a man stopping at a boarding house at Westline was relieved of $18. He notified County Detective Jones of this borough and that official soon got on the trail and after working on the case the chain of circumstances that developed pointed strongly to the guilt of a young man who was a fellow boarder of the victim of the robbery. The latter on entering his room on Wednesday of last week found the stolen money upon the dresser, where it had probably been deposited by the thief, upon his getting "cold feet."

On Friday the County Detective arrested a man named Allen Layton at Cyclone. Layton, who resides at Willow creek, was charged with having beaten his wife and of having sold cows and pigs belonging to the family. On July 4th he disappeared from his home entirely. He was taken before Alderman Knapp of Bradford and gave bail for his appearance at a hearing to be held before the alderman next Monday.

The Dragon Screen

It Led to the Discovery of a Lost Fortune

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When the last wagon load of furniture had turned out of the avenue into the highroad and the auctioneer had furled his red flag and driven away from the old mansion set among tall growing locusts Deborah Ames smiled quizzically at her niece.

"I suppose you think my heart's broken, Polly," she said quietly.

"I saved what I wanted, dear."

Polly Ames stared. "You are trying to be brave, you dear thing!" she cried impulsively. "If you had only listened and had let me go to work you could have saved all the things that you have always had about you."

"And of which I am dreadfully tired," interposed her aunt, with sudden energy. "Larkin says the things brought two hundred and fifty, and that will keep us a year, Polly. You see, father left the place free and clear because he did not want his daughters to work for a living. He said the income from the securities would be sufficient to support us for life. But we were never able to find any trace of them. You remember how poor mother and I searched for the papers up to the very day of her death, and I look and look now, though I am very doubtful whether father ever had them, and yet"—

"I could teach music," said Polly mutinously for the hundredth time in the past year.

"My dear," cried Miss Deborah for the hundredth time, "your grandfather Ames left an ample fortune—enough to educate you and support us for the rest of our days."

"Where is it, then?" Polly saw her own flushed face in the long mirror and beside it Aunt Deborah's tired countenance, and her tender heart smote her. "Don't let us talk about it any more tonight, Aunt Deb. You will sleep on the davenport, tonight? You sold the very beds, you know," suggested Polly gently.

"Come with me, my child. You have not made a trip to the south garret this many a day, I'll warrant," smiled Miss Deborah.

In this attic were many strangely sheeted forms that crowded the small space.

Carefully Miss Deborah withdrew the dusty sheets and, rolling them into balls, disclosed a closely packed mass of furniture.

Polly gazed open mouthed. "What is it, Aunt Deb? Where did you get it? Why—it's solid mahogany! Oh, the dear tables—and the highboys! Chippendale—and Sheraton—and real colonial!" Her pretty nose was poked here and there among the treasures, and her charming face was reflected from a dozen dim mirrors.

Miss Deborah smiled sadly. "It is my very own, Polly, dear. It was left to me by my great-aunt Hester, and it has remained stored away here for twenty-five years. I planned to give this to you and Dick for a wedding gift, but I shall need it for awhile. After I am gone"—

Polly stopped her sentence with a kiss. "After you are gone, indeed!" she cried indignantly. "You know that you are to live with us as soon as ever Dick makes enough money to start a home. What a beautiful house we will have—eh, Aunt Deb?"

She waltzed the stiff backed spinster about the limited space until Miss Deborah's flying skirt caught in a projecting nail and dragged clattering to the floor a tall screen whose frame was of carved ebony paneled with heavy Chinese embroidery, now faded and dull.

Polly picked it up with a little exclamation of delight. "What is this, Aunt Deb? Why have you kept this lovely screen hidden?"

"Great-aunt Hester left it to my father, dear. He was very fond of it, and for years it stood close to his desk. When he was quite helpless we used it to encircle his chair and ward off the drafts. It grew quite old and shaky and needed mending, and as no one but a skilled workman could mend the delicate carving it was placed up here after father's death, and of course nothing has been done to it since. All the broken bits of carving are in that little bag tied to the top," explained Miss Deborah.

"Can't I take it downstairs, Aunt Deb? I'm sure Dick can mend it—he is so clever. And I will mend the broken embroidery."

"Very well, dear. Tomorrow Norah's husband will come and move this furniture downstairs; tonight, I fear, we must sleep on the davenport. It is growing late, Polly; let us get downstairs and see about supper."

Together they dragged the heavy screen down to the parlor, where Polly once more fell into ecstasies over its delicate carving and fine inlay of ivory and mother of pearl.

After supper came Dick Fraser, and Polly waited for him in the deep veranda and told him of the sale of Miss Deborah's furniture.

Dick flushed hotly and sank into a low chair with a quick gesture of impatience. "It's a darned shame!" he cried angrily. "Here am I, a great, strong, husky chap, sitting around waiting for people to come and be cured of their ills, while Miss Deborah needs a man to go to work and pull her out of her financial difficulties! I wish I'd never studied medicine. I wish I'd learned to be a carpenter—or something else!"

"Fiddle-de-dee, Dr. Fraser!" cried Polly impudently. "If it were not for you what would become of all the poor sick people in Little River?"

"What has become of them now?" inquired Dr. Fraser. "They don't fill my waiting room. They don't jingle my telephone bell, nor do they call me up in the dead of night. I wish they would!" he ended viciously.

"It's been a healthy winter," comforted Polly, "and you know Dr. Brown is going to sell his practice and go away, and there will be a chance for you then."

"I'm afraid not, honey. If I could buy the doctor's practice and his automobile and his whole outfit I'd be made, but what's the use of talking? Let us go in and see Miss Deborah. Perhaps I can help her a bit. You must be at sixes and sevens."

"Norah has worked like a major. We shall camp tonight, and tomorrow we are to have—never mind! If you come over to tea you shall have a lovely surprise!" promised Polly as they entered the house.

When they sat around the cozy little fire in the back parlor Polly brought in the dragon screen and showed it to her lover.

"Of course you can mend it, Dick," she said confidently.

Dr. Fraser did not reply. He was examining the fine carving with the eye of a lover. His skillful fingers itched to handle brush and glue pot and restore to its original beauty the dragon screen.

"I shall mend the embroidery," explained Polly, thrusting her assistive fingers into the various holes and rips in the panels. "Look at this scaly old dragon, Dick! He is fairly peeling off."

"And this dull green eye needs to be brightened," remarked the doctor absently.

Polly brought a basket of silks and sat down near the light and gravely matched her skeins against the faded embroidery of the screen. Miss Deborah, knitting near the fire, watched her with tender interest. These two young people were the very mainspring of her existence now that so much of her life had become merged in the past.

The light shone on the dragon screen, and the golden dragons glittered until it almost seemed as if their scales moved.

"How father loved that old screen!" mused Miss Deborah.

"Will it not be lovely to have it around once more?" asked Polly, turning her head, and then the screen slipped from her grasp, and she caught wildly at the panel on which she had been working. She caught a torn fragment of one of the golden dragons, and the silk, rotten with age, fell apart in her grasp, showing the white cotton lining.

Dick jumped to catch the screen, and as he righted it there slipped from the torn panel a long, legal looking envelope bearing some memoranda in a crabbed handwriting.

"By George!" shouted the young man excitedly. "What have we here—treasure trove? Polly, girl—catch—it's yours."

Polly's eager fingers caught the envelope and gave one glance at the superscription; then she flew across the room to Miss Deborah's side.

"The lost securities!" she cried. "See, Aunt Deb; grandfather has them labeled. How do you suppose they came to be in such a place, and suppose we had never found the screen?"

"Suppose I had not sold the furniture!" quavered Miss Deborah as she opened the bulky envelope and extracted the beautifully engraved certificates. "Do look at these, Dick—I'm so excited I can't read a thing! Father must have slipped them in there absentmindedly those last days before he was taken ill."

In a very awed voice Dr. Fraser read the list of valuable securities, and when he finished with a long drawn whistle of astonishment Miss Deborah and Polly were weeping in each other's arms.

"Won't the old house look perfectly lovely?" Polly was sobbing. "All the beautiful old fashioned furniture from the garret and"—

"And Dick shall have the south wing for his offices, and the carriage house can be made into a very respectable garage," added Miss Deborah, straightening her spectacles.

"What?" demanded Dr. Fraser very independently. "I couldn't. Miss Deborah—Polly—I want to earn my own home."

"You will buy out Dr. Brown's practice," said Miss Deborah decidedly. "You can pay me back some day if you will. But you can do more real good by becoming my resident physician than waiting there on the hill for the patients that do not come."

"Polly," pleaded Dick, "I'm trying to keep my independence. Back me up. You don't think I ought to accept this from Miss Deborah?"

"Aunt Deborah," corrected Polly sweetly. Then, "If you marry me at all, Dick, it must be exactly as she say, for—it will make her awfully happy, won't it, Aunt Deb?"

Miss Deborah arose and, coming to them, clasped her long arms around them both. "I never had any children of my own," she said huskily; "you two are all I have. Don't keep me waiting much longer for my happiness!"

Then the three heads came together, gray and black and golden, and the dragons on the screen seemed to writhe and twist and wink their green eyes very knowingly as if they knew Miss Deborah would have her own way after all.

An Avenger

A Story of an Assassination by a Russian Nihilist

By C. L. POINEER

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I was making a tour of Switzerland on foot. All the luggage I had with me was strapped on my back, and in my hand I carried a light alpenstock.

One morning I started from Interlaken to walk to Thun. The road I took leads along the west bank of Lake Thun, or Thunder lake, one of the prettiest bodies of water in Switzerland. From the road one has a perpetual view of the Bernese Alps, the Eiger, the Monk and the Jungfrau, whose snowy peaks rising high in the heavens may often be mistaken for light clouds. The sun was shining on the lake, over whose bosom the little steamers running between Interlaken and Thun loaded with tourists were passing back and forth.

Not far from Interlaken the road passes through a tunnel in a perpendicular cliff that forms the bank of the lake. While walking through this tunnel I caught up with a youth who, judging from his pack, was making a foot journey the same as I. He spoke to me in German, the language of that part of Switzerland, but I signified that I did not understand him, and he repeated his question in French.

"How far is it, sir, to Thun?"

"Ten or twelve miles, I believe."

He was inclined to let me go on ahead of him; but, preferring company, I adapted my gait to his. He was apparently not more than eighteen years old. No beard had yet started on his face, and his hair and complexion were fair. I took him for a Swede or a Norwegian, though such light hair and skin are common in northern Germany. We walked on together, chatting and enjoying the beautiful panorama of the lake, the hills beyond and still beyond these the mountains. For awhile the young man was guarded in his speech. He then discovered that I was an American—he had supposed me to be an Englishman—and this seemed to awaken confidence, though it was rather a fellow feeling, for he kept me still in ignorance as to who he was or where he was going, I knew, however, from his conversation that he was highly educated and one of those persons who are born to think deep. I was astonished at his familiarity with the various schools of philosophy. That he was a dreamer as well as a thinker was apparent from ideas he advanced, which to me seemed a century ahead of the times.

At Meiringen we halted for luncheon, eating sandwiches and drinking beer at a table under the trees in front of a hotel. We rested for an hour after luncheon, smoking, I my pipe, my companion cigarettes (the usual form of a smoke in that country).

The subject that most interested him was America and how to get there. I told him that it all depended on where one started from and waited for him to tell me from what point he would begin. "The Riviera," was his reply. Whereupon I informed him that from any point on the Riviera—say Nice or Mentone—one might by a short railway journey reach Genoa, from which port steamers are constantly leaving for the United States. He seemed much interested in this and more so when I told him that I had engaged passage by that route myself. When I asked him if he had any intention of visiting my country he replied that he had not.

We reached Thun about 5 o'clock, and, after refreshing ourselves with a glass of beer in the gardens of the Kursaal, I went to my hotel, my companion going I knew not where. One meets all kinds of people traveling abroad, especially if one likes to form acquaintances as I do. Of all those I have met in any of my tours the person who made the most impression upon me was the young philosopher about whom I learned nothing.

I went by rail from Thun to Paris, from there to Nice, and from Nice to Mentone. I found at Mentone General A., who had been minister of the interior in Russia. Indeed, I stopped in the same hotel with him. Those who knew told me that several attempts had been made upon his life revolutionists, or, as they were then called, nihilists, and that he was closely guarded. During his incumbency in office he had sent hundreds of people to Siberia, besides those he had executed. He had been proscribed by the nihilists, they having vowed to kill him. I asked why he should dread his enemies so far from home and was told that they could work to better advantage beyond the Russian borders than within them. In Russia the government could act direct. In other countries more or less red tape was necessary to arrest a suspect, and before it could be done an assassination might take place. General A. was spending a season at Mentone for his health, being afflicted with some nervous disorder. It seemed to me that a man living in fear for his life would be likely to have nerve trouble. He was very regular in his habits, going out to walk in the morning and to drive in the afternoon, always attended by men in citizens' dress, who closely eyed every one who approached him.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken the general was assassinated at Mentone and at the time I was there. It was in June and the days were long. About half past 8 o'clock one evening I went up to my room after dinner and, lighting a cigar, stood for a moment at my window, which was on the north side of the hotel. Several buildings were near, and from a window of one of them I saw a puff of smoke and heard a crack. There was nothing to be seen in the window, for the blinds were closed. If a shot had been fired it must have been from between the slats.

The occurrence did not make much impression on me, but an hour later, on going downstairs, I found the hotel proprietor, the servants, the guests, all horror stricken. On asking the cause I was told that General A. had been shot by some one who had fired a bullet into his room through an open window. Upon asking the time the affair occurred I was told that it was about half past 8.

I knew perfectly well that I had seen the smoke of the weapon that had done the deed and could point out the window from which it had been fired, but I held my peace. Some one had revenged a long list of barbarities visited upon those who had dared to attempt to build up an oppressed people, and I was not interested in taking any part in the affair. I inquired if it was known from what point the shot was fired and was told that it was believed it had come from a tree that grew near the general's window. By this I knew that I was the only person who had witnessed the firing. By giving the information I possessed the police would have a description of the person or persons occupying the room from which the assassin had done the work, and they would be pretty sure to make the arrest. I confess, sympathizing with the Russian revolutionists, I had no intention of enlightening them.

I was pleased, however, possessing such a secret, that the time had come for me to leave Mentone. My steamer was due to sail from Genoa the next morning, and I took a night train for that city. I stood, shortly before sailing, on the upper deck looking at the swarm of people, some hurrying aboard, some going ashore, all infected by that bustle usual to a steamer about to leave port.

A girl came up the gangway whose face was familiar to me. Where had I seen her? It bothers one to see a face without being able to place it, and this case annoyed me more than usual. However, since I could not recollect where I had met her I ceased to think about her, interesting myself in other persons. We soon passed out on to the bosom of the Mediterranean, and I rejoiced at the prospect of getting home.

During the next few days I looked for the girl whom I had been unable to place, both on deck and in the dining saloon. I did not see her till we had passed Gibraltar and steamed out on to the Atlantic. Then one morning, while walking on the highest of all the decks, where there were no other passengers, I suddenly came upon her sitting on the boards, leaning up against a projection that shielded her from the wind.

She turned white as a cloth.

At first I thought I would stop and ask her where we had met, but she turned her eyes away from me, and I saw that either I had made a mistake in appearing that I had known her or she had no desire to continue the acquaintance. But why had the meeting with me so affected her? I thought over every one I had met abroad—indeed, every one I had ever known—in order to discover if there was any with whom I had had trouble. No; the record was clear.

We stopped at Madeira and the Azores. I did not see the girl again till we had left the latter islands. But I had thought a great deal of her, and finally it suddenly flashed upon me who she was and where I had met her. She was the young man with whom I had walked from Interlaken to Thun.

After leaving the Azores I came upon her, sitting on deck where I had first seen her. I was about to pass her when she smiled at me. Of course I joined her.

"Now that we have touched at the last European port," she said, "I am willing to make myself known to you. We walked together one day in Switzerland."

"Is the costume you wore then or the one you wear now your legitimate dress?"

"The one I wear now."

I waited for her to explain, but she did not. So I said:

"Why have you deferred making yourself known to me?"

"Because I am a fugitive. Had I not had confidence that you would not betray me I should not have planned to take this steamer. Yet I was obliged to take it. You will not betray me?"

"How do you know that? If you have committed a crime it is my duty to betray you."

"I have committed no crime except in the cause of justice."

That was the end of the confidence she gave me. I did not wish her to give me any more. I knew all she could have told me. I wished that I did not know it lest I might be called upon to bear witness concerning it. I leave it to the reader to infer what I inferred. It is too terrible and too dangerous to be expressed in words.

I saw something of the girl every day or so on shipboard, but when we reached port I did not think it safe to be seen with her. I did not see her when she left the ship. For several days I eagerly scanned the newspapers, dreading to read of her arrest. Since I did not and have heard nothing of her since, I have concluded that she landed without detection. What became of her after that I do not know.

FREEZING CAVERNS.

Subterranean Caves That Are Lined With Crystalline Ice.

There are deep cavities and tangled recesses in the earth far away from sunlight and held in the tight embrace of rocky strata where secret hoards of glittering ice find habitation all the year round. Yet down in these queer places the ice is as clear and chrystalline as any that nature maintains in the open air. Moreover, it occurs on a truly grand and massive scale.

Imagine thick underground ice walls and floors and craftily fissured columns beautiful in shape and color streaming from roof to floor of lofty rock chambers! And under the slow drip, drip, drip of percolating water this same ice learns to fashion itself into cave adornments—frozen water drops, curling slopes, stalactites and stalagmites of fantastic shape and rainbow hues.

Subterranean cold waves, or "glaciers," as they are frequently called, crop up in some 300 scattered localities in Europe, Asia and America, but all, with rare exceptions, whether true ice caverns or grottoes and deep hollows, are confined to the north temperate regions of these continents—that is, to places where there is a sufficiently low temperature at some portion of the year to reach freezing point and render snowfall possible.—Pearson's Magazine

THEY SIT AND LOOK.

Women Who Watch For Celebrities In a New York Restaurant.

"I always wonder," said a New York woman who lunches out a good deal, "what satisfaction the women get out of life who flock to a certain fashionable uptown restaurant at lunchtime just to see celebrities.

"They look as if they cannot afford to be there, and the truth is they do not apparently go there for food. I have watched them ordering and noted what was brought them, and almost invariably it is some such thing as cafe parfait, or an ice of some kind, or a cup of tea or of chocolate and a sandwich.

"They sit and look. The moment some stage celebrity comes in there is a craning of necks, and you hear excited whisperings, 'Oh, there's So-and-so!' mentioning an actress or a matinee idol, and the neck craning keeps on until a fresh subject for scrutiny comes in.

"You can see this sort of thing every lunchtime at this restaurant. There is a regular contingent of these rubberneckers, and they are not visitors from the far west, either."—New York Sun.

Growing Corn For Cob Pipes.

Probably not one smoker in a hundred who likes the "real American pipe"—the corncob—is aware of the fact that many acres in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska are devoted to raising corn for the especial purpose of producing cobs suitable for fashioning into pipe bowls. The grain itself is marketed, of course, but the cob on which it grows is the real harvest and is cut carefully into proper lengths, smoothed and polished, the soft inner pulp being ground out by specially constructed machinery. The corncob pipe goes to every country in the world where men smoke and is especially in favor in Australia and New Zealand where it is regarded as characteristically American, because it suggests the idea of Yankee ingenuity. The briar is the favorite with Englishmen, who are probably the greatest pipe smokers in the world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Waiting For the Note.

An English churchman tells the following:

"At one of our cathedrals the tenor canon was ill and could not sing. A suffragan bishop had a good voice and volunteered to sing the litany. 'Go,' he said to the verger, and tell the organist that I will sing the litany and I ask him to give me the reciting note.' 'Please, sir,' said the verger to the organist, 'the bishop 'as sent me to you to say he will sing the litany. 'All right,' said the organist. 'Soon; the verger remain, he said. 'You need no stay.' 'Please, sir, the bishop 'as sent me to ask you if you would give 'im a something—I didn't quite cat be note.' 'You mean the reciting note.' 'That's it, sir; that's it.' Seeing the verger still remaining, he said, 'You need not stay.' To which the verger said, 'Please, sir, shall I take it to his lordship?'"

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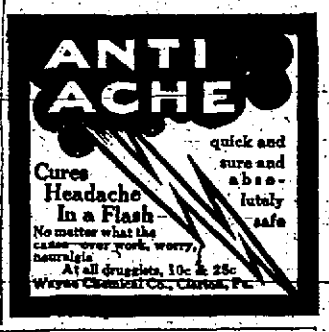
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W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 28, 1910.

Local and General.

—Miss Ethel Tull will entertain a large party at bridge whist this evening.

—The dates for the Olean Fair and Races have been set for September 20-23.

—Mrs. Melville Gillette entertained in honor of Mrs. E. R. Baker of Erie yesterday afternoon.

—The annual encampment of the soldiers and sailors of Tioga and Potter counties will be held at Lawrenceville, Pa., August 24 and 25.

—The Bar Association of Western New York will spend a few days of the first week in August at the Bon Air hotel at Rock City.

—William Gilbert, the Olean murderer of Viola Hughes in that city, was electrocuted at Auburn prison yesterday morning.

—The Mississippi Glass factory at Port Allegany resumed operations last Thursday. A large force of men are given employment and a long and busy season is anticipated.

—Mrs. H. B. McCoy is entertaining in honor of her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Baker, of Erie at her home on West Main street this afternoon.

—Hon. Eugene Gholz of Chicago, who was the Prohibition candidate for President in 1908, is to speak in this county in October. Clinton Howard of Rochester, another temperance orator of note, will speak in the county in September.

—The Central Hose Co. of Johnsonburg is organizing a drill team and expects to attend the State Convention of Volunteer Firemen to be held at Altoona, Pa., next October.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. August Johnson of Keating township, Friday, July 22, 1910, a baby girl. This is the twelth child that has come to bless the Johnson home and all are living, the family consisting of seven girls and five boys. It is evident by this record that this family are far removed from the race suicide class.

—Guy McCoy, secretary of the Odd Fellows Band, recently sent out a number of letters to various fair associations throughout this section with a view of furnishing a band of twenty-two pieces at their fairs this year. In return he has received a number of inquiries as to terms, etc., and it is possible that the local musical organization will make a short tour.

—Attorney C. F. Haughney is packing up preparatory to moving to Erie, Pa., where he will enter a partnership with his brother, J. R. Haughney, who moved to that city about three years ago, from Eldred, and has built an extensive practice.—Eldred Eagle.

—Moving pictures of King Edward's funeral and Roosevelt's return were exhibited at the Star picture show to large crowds Tuesday evening. Manager Kerr is now presenting some fine bills at this cozy little amusement place.

—Last week Hon. James A. McKean purchased a fine team of chestnut driving horses from Carl Wolford of Port Allegany. They are own brothers, four and five years old, and now Mr. McKean has one of the finest turnouts in Smethport.

—The MINER is handicapped this week by the illness of our linotype operator, W. B. Hopper, who is confined to his bed with tonsilitis. In addition to this we have an unusual rush of job work at this office and as a consequence the getting out of this week's issue is fraught with many difficulties.

—Mrs. Etta Scott Bell, widow of Wm. T. Bell of Clevelaho, O., formerly a well known merchant of Bradford, was found dead inbed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert George of Bradford, where she was visiting. Monday morning. The deceased was 49 years of age. Heart disease was the cause of her death. The body was taken to Cleveland for burial.

—Congressman William B. Wilson, who was in Wellsboro the other day, says he expects to start for Europe next Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson. He goes as a delegate to the International Labor Convention. He is one of the two delegates from this country who will represent over two hundred laboring men in the United States and Canada. Mr. Wilson says he considers it the greatest honor of his life to represent a million fellow-craftsmen.—Wellsboro Agitator.

—The farce, "A Case of Suspension" was presented on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week by members of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church in the chapel of that edifice. The members of the cast acquitted themselves finely in the roles assigned them and the production made a big hit on both presentations. Musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. J. E. Chapman Allan Morrison, Miss Flossie Freeman and Misses Orra and Mildred Gleason. Miss Irma Wells gave one of her popular readings.

CHINESE CUNNING.

An Official's Subtle Scheme For Securing His Prisoners.

One of the funniest stories about Chinatown is not really Chinese. It was told by a British consul at one of the treaty ports. He arrested nine delinquent Chinese, intending to turn them over to the tender mercies of the native magistrate next morning. Meanwhile he gave them into the custody of a Chinese policeman, telling him to lock them up, though there was no jail at the consulate. But the policeman was equal to the emergency. He solemnly saluted, saying, "I obey!" and marched his men off. Soon he returned and announced that they were safely caged.

The consul was curious to see how and where. He followed his policeman to the yard. There he saw the nine prisoners dancing round the consulate flagstaff, lugubriously chanting the Chinese equivalent of "ring around a rosy." Whenever the dance showed signs of flagging the policeman stirred them up with a long pole. They seemed at first sight to be holding each other's hands, but, looking closer, the consul saw that they were handcuffed together.

"Well," said the consul, "if they are chained in a ring around the flagstaff they can certainly not get away. But why do you make them dance?"

"Ah," answered the Chinese policeman, with infinite cunning, "so that they cannot climb up the pole and get away!"

The consul broke out into a loud British laugh and tried to explain to the Chinaman that the nine prisoners could certainly not all climb up the pole at once, but the Chinaman had his idea and held to it. So the dance went on.—Harper's Weekly.

AWED THE STUDENTS.

Jean Richepin's First Lesson as an Instructor in Literature.

At the age of twenty-two Jean Richepin, the French poet and dramatic author, accepted a place as instructor in literature in a school which prepared students for the military college of St. Cyr. His employers warned him that the future army officers took very little interest in belles-lettres and that their principal occupation in class was raising chaos.

Richepin's first lesson began amid a storm of whistlings and catcalls. But the young instructor's voice boomed out above the uproar and imperiously commanded silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not here because I like it. I am here for my living. Is any one of you going to stand in the way? If there is, I should be obliged if he will tell me so face to face on the Place du Pantheon, where I am ready to meet him at any time." And inasmuch as we are all of us about the same age, you understand, of course, that the interview will be with bare fists."

And, so saying, young Richepin brought his clinched hand down upon the desk, and the desk broke in two and he and his pupils lived happily ever afterward. Thus runs the official legend.—Argonaut.

Crafty M. Blanc.

Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, was well aware of the desperate character of many of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riffraff of the world, he took precautions against them. He never carried any money, which fact he announced so frequently and publicly that it was known everywhere along the Riviera that the millionaire Blanc never had a penny on his person. But he carried in a pocket book a draft on red paper for seventy hundred thousand francs, payable to the indorsee. He feared kidnaping as much as robbery, and in case of abduction he intended to ransom himself with this draft. But the instructions at his office were not to cash a red draft with his signature unless a telegram was received from him ordering it to be done.

A Painful Process.

I was quite surprised one day when upon telling my little five-year-old girl, who was of a saving disposition, that I would put her pennies in the bank to have her educated to find that she burst into violent weeping and shouted, "I won't be educated; it hurts."

"Hurts?" I queried. "What do you mean?"

"I know," she sobbed. "They take a knife and scrape your arm and it swells up. I won't take my money to be educated."—Delineator.

Friends In Need.

"I don't put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance look at the oft quoted one. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friends that are not in need."

The Other Way.

"Then you don't want to leave foot prints upon the sands of time?"

"Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Noise Explained.

She (sternly)—I heard a noise very late. He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling? She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—Baltimore American.

The Glory of Life.

To be a strong hand to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a time of weakness, is to know the glory of life.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.—Roux.

Lore of the Clover.

Any one who carries about a four leaved clover will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the pillow the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one. A fragment in the shoe of a traveler insures a safe journey. Of the five leaved clover it is declared that if it be worn on the left side of a maiden's dress or fastened behind the hall door the Christian name of the first man who enters will be the same as that of the future husband. The power of the four leaved shamrock for good is familiar to all from Lover's pretty and once popular song, the speaker in which pictures what she would do should she find the magic plant:

I would play the enchanter's part and scatter bliss around,
And not a tear or aching heart should in the world be found.

London Globe.

Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cagelike appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners.

Her Sad Fate.

"What a beautiful little girl she is!"

"Yes, and just think, she'll have to marry a mere American unless her father chirks up and ev[illegible] ability as a financier than he has shown thus far."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stingy.

"He is a stingy old Grandmother, isn't he?"

"The worst I ever saw. Why, he'll haggle over the cost of building a split fence."—Exchange.

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McKean County Miner

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HARRY L. HASKINS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 28, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.
For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.
For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.
For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.
For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

THE convention of the new Independent party of Pennsylvania convenes at Philadelphia to-day.

DEMOCRATS REPUDIATE STATE TICKET.

Chas. McKean of this Borough Elected Delegate to Independent Party Convention.

THE Democratic party of this county has, in a meeting of the county committee held in Bradford last Saturday at which fourteen of the forty-six districts were represented, repudiated the action of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention in the strongest terms and denounces Col. Guffey and Candidate Grimm in the most strenuous language. And the only apparent reason for this is because their favorite, W. H. Berry was not nominated for Governor.

These party purists, who have been denouncing the Republican party for the past fifty years, have just discovered that the majority of their own ranks (Berry was beaten by about 80 votes for nomination in the Allentown Convention) is made up of crooks and grafters, and James G. Paul and his followers have broken away from the rascals. It seems a shame that the poor old mule should be divided at this time but the kicking end appears to be too much for the head or vice versa.

At the meeting Chas McKean of this borough was elected delegate to the convention of the Independent party to be held in Philadelphia this week.

The session was held at the Hotel Holley

TERRIBLE AUTO ACCIDENT.

Two Children Fatally Injured at Olean last Friday.

Olean, N. Y., July 23.—A hot distressing automobile accident occurred in this city at 4:30 yesterday afternoon at the corner of West State and Fourth streets, when the powerful carterear automobile of Max Lang, the well known hardware merchant, and driven by himself, crashed into the Salamanca-Olean trolley car, No. 51, due in this city at 4:30 p. m., daily. The car was in charge of motorman M. L. Lang, and conductor Harry Crandall. The occupants of the automobile were Lang and four small children—three little girls. One of the girls is dead, another is dying but the other two children, very fortunately, escaped with slight injuries.

The dead:

Lillian Mader, age six years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mader.

The injured

Lynan Heath, age four years, head crushed. At the Olean hospital, and not expected to survieve.

Marion Ball, age seven years, cut and bruised. Injuries not serious.

Garrett Heenan, age six years, head bruised and lacerations.

Max Lang, owner of the machine, bruised and cut about the face and head. Injuries not serious.

Lang was driving his automobile north on Fourth street. The children were laughing and having a good time when suddenly the automobile crashed into the traction car with sufficient force to hurl them into the air. Lillian Madder, who was killed, fell nearly thirty feet from where the collision occurred. The other victims lay upon the street.

The crash was heard by many in the vicinity and soon a large crowd assembled. The scene was a shocking one.

The injured children received prompt attention and they were hurried to the hospital where the Mader child soon expired without regaining consciousness. The little Heath girl was in a dying condition early this morning.

Max Lang, the owner and driver of the machine, while not seriously injured in the wreck, is reported in a serious condition mentally. He is greatly distressed over the accident and it is feared he will loose his mind. How he escaped more serious physical injury is a mystery.

Some idea of the force of the collision may be gained from the fact that the steering wheel of the automobile was found hanging on a picket of a fence fifty feet from where the collision occurred.

Mr. Lang had picked up the children and was engaged in giving them a pleasure ride when the accident occurred. There is no blame attached to the crew of the trolley car, but instead the driver of the auto is censured for not being more attentive in operating his car.

Early last evening the body of little Lillian Mader was removed from the hospital to the home of her parents. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family and also for others whose homes have been darkened by this sad disaster.

The Heath girl is still alive and her condition is reported as showing some improvement, according to late reports.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. D. Morey was in Bradford Tuesday, on business.

Mrs. H. H. Redfield is visiting in Sizerville this week.

Foster Studholm of Olean was in town the first of the week.

Mrs. Maria Carter is spending a short time at Atlantic City.

Miss Alice E. Irons is the guest of friends in Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Burg Chalwick left yesterday for a business visit to Buffalo.

Albert Ryan of Kane passed Sunday at the home of Frank Burdick.

Mrs. B. W. Heinemann of Colegrove was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. H. Harriger and Miss Anna Harriger spent Tuesday in Olean.

Miss Leona Hogarth and Esther Bell were Ridgway visitors last week.

Mrs. A. F. Brown of Bradford is the guest of Miss King this week.

Miss Alice Connolly was in Olean last Thursday, the guest of Miss Whitton.

Mr. and Mr. L. L. Ball, of Bradford, were calling on friends in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus are spending the week at Cambridge Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey, of Boston are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young.

Miss Marguerite Sloan of Bradford was the guest of Miss Lillian Booth yesterday.

Miss Mary Steinhauer of Farmers Valley, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. B. Hopper.

O. D. Bush and family of Lock Haven, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Bush.

Miss Katherine Morey spent Sunday eve. and Monday visiting friends at Glen Hazel, Pa.

Miss Elanora Colegrove left this afternoon for a visit with relatives in Chipmunk, Pa.

Mesdames N. D. Ramer, J. F. Ebenspacher and Hoffman were Rock City visitors last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes and daughter, Miss Edna, were Bradford visitors the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell and sons, Jack and Frank, returned to their home in Ridgway Monday.

Ed. Benson, Democratic candidate for the Assembly, of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Friday.

Charles McKean is in Philadelphia as a delegate to the Independent party convention being held there today.

Mrs. E. A. Freeman who has been visiting friends in this place left yesterday afternoon for her home in Holley, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna Stuhlmranch and daughter, Thelma, returned home Wednesday from a visit with relatives in Streator, Ill.

Master John Thamm left for Bradford Tuesday, after spending some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey.

Mrs. George Howe, and daughter, Ruth, and Mrs. W. D. Morey left Friday for a visit with relatives and friends at Galeton, Pa.

Dr. D. C. Mock and T. H. Garrity, a superintendent for the Goodyear Lumber Co., of Medix Run, were Smethport visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme and daughter Margaret, of Port Allegany, passed Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe and children who have been visiting relatives in this place for the past few weeks returned to their home in Austin, Friday.

Miss Anna Harriger of Scotch Hills who has been visiting at the home of her brother, W. H. Harriger, for the past week has returned to her home.

Mrs. George Smart and daughter, Marguerite, who have been the guests of Mrs. C. C. Choate for the past month, returned to their home in Uniontown, Pa., Thursday.

A School of Merit.

Established 1852. No paid solicitors. No false inducements. Westbrook Com'l Academy, Olean, N. Y.

One Hundred Positions.

100 good positions were secured by students of Westbrook Com'l Academy the past year. 2t.

Wanted.

A young girl to assist in small family. For further particulars address Lock Box 132, Smethport, Pa. Jul 21-tf

Millinery at Lindholm's.

Now is the time to get bargains in millinery at The Lindholm store. The most popular styles at half price.

Lost—Tan, black and tan hound, long ears, medium size, white breast and paws. Reward for information or return.

4t CHAS. SMITH,
Box 248, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Will Open September 8.

Westbrook Commercial Academy will begin its 29th year September 8.

KITTERY POINT ELMS.

Each of the Giant Shade Trees Cost a Pint of Rum.

One of the most striking attractions of the old town of Kittery Point has long been her towering elms. They rise magnificently above trees of all other varieties, and in summer with their foliage encompass her quaint streets in delicious green coolness, transform the fine old place into a veritable seashore fairyland and last, but not least, enrapture the summer visitor.

For nearly two miles along the highway, which for the most part follows the shore of the harbor, these splendid specimens rear themselves at fairly regular intervals, though the ax has in times past brought some of the monarchs crashing to the earth.

The story of the circumstances attending the planting of the giants, as it has been handed down from father to son, runs as follows: "Major Thomas Cutts, one of the old town fathers, who conducted a fishing business, foreign commerce, a store and a tavern in the famous Pepperell mansion (built 1302), conceived the very commendable idea of beautifying his native town by setting out trees.

"Accordingly in 1701 he gave one Samuel Blake the contract. Samuel's remuneration was nothing more or less than a pint of rum, doubtless brought from the West Indies by one of the major's pinkies, for each tree planted. There were originally ninety of them, and they extended from the Searey lot, near where the First Christian church now stands, to the top of the Point' or the shore of Spruce creek."—Kennebec Journal.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD,

Its Use by Astronomers in Their Study of the Stars.

The threads of the garden spider are fixed by astronomers in their telescopes for the purpose of giving fine lines to the field of view by which the relative positions of stars may be accurately measured.

For a century astronomers desired to make use of such lines of the greatest possible fineness and procured at first silver wire drawn out to the extreme limit of tenuity attainable with that metal. They also tried hairs one five-hundredth of an inch thick and threads of the silkworm's cocoon, which are split into two component threads, each only one two-thousandth of an inch thick. But in 1820 an English instrument maker named Troughton introduced the spider's line. This can be readily obtained a fourth of the thickness of the silkworm's thread and has also advantages in its strength and freedom from twist.

In order to obtain the thread the spider is carefully fixed on a miniature rack, and the thread, which at the moment of issue from the body is a viscid liquid, is made to adhere to a winder, by turning which the desired length of firm but elastic thread can be procured.—London Graphic.

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1849—W. E. Henley never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live. The fame of Dr. Lister had reached Henley, and, penniless and almost friendless, he determined to try Edinburgh infirmary. Thither he traveled third class in physical suffering such as few have known, and when he reached the infirmary his whole possessions amounted to a few shillings. His confidence in Lister was justified, and his leg was saved. He was and remained a cripple, but neither hopeless nor helpless. His astounding nimbleness under these conditions suggested to Robert Louis Stevenson the physical sketch of John Silver.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

OVER 60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Oh my head!

Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples. All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

Does not affect the heart.
10c and 25c at all druggists
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VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

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DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
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Tell Me

YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.

Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

JULY SALE ON ALL

Mens Shoes and

OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95
$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15
$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

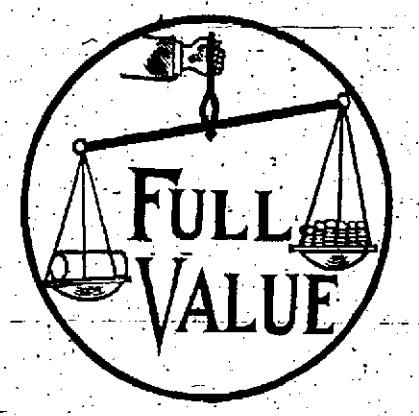
Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT

INNER TUBES



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Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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July 29, August 10 and 19, and September 2, 1910

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CAPE MAY

Wildwood, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City N. J.

$10.60 from Smethport

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent

Full information regarding leaving of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. R. WOOD
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD
General Passenger Agent

Fifty Positions Yearly

We can place 50 young men a year in positions paying $900 to $1000 Salary at the start, with chance for promotion. Ask for particulars; give age and school advancement.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, OLEAN, N. Y.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

ALL MILLINERY at 1-2 price

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

WHY BUY INFERIOR

FRUIT JARS?

WHEN YOU CAN GET THE BEST AT

DALY & GARLICK'S

We carry The Royal Fruit Jar

THE ONLY HAND MADE JAR ON THE MARKET

Covered Jelly Glasses 18c per Doz.

Daly & Garlick

The hardware store that has the goods—with right prices

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 28, 1910.

Local and General.

—Mrs. W. E. VanDyke entertained at a six o'clock dinner Thursday.

—It is quite a shirt bargain which Monnelmer advertises in this issue.

—Twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Zipetello of Hilton avenue on Monday.

—A cement walk is being laid in front of the residence of Alfred Sturdevant on Union street.

—A party of Smethport people who have been camping on Lasher brook returned home Monday.

—The Lemon Club gave a dance at the Lyceum last evening. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the music.

—Chief of Police McCarthy reports 27 arrests so far for the month of July. This is somewhat of a record.

—A party composed of twelve young ladies of this borough enjoyed a picnic party at Burbank's crossing Sunday.

—W. B. Hopper, the linotype operator at this office, is confined to his home with a severe attack of tonsilitis.

—The socialist of Bradford are to establish a newspaper. It will be named the Justice and the first issue will appear this fall.

—The I. O. O. F. band will give a band concert in the band stand on the court house lawn at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, weather permitting.

—A party of young people of this borough left yesterday for a camping expedition on Lasher brook. They are chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton.

—A brick walk is being laid in front of the tenement houses of the Shawmut Railroad Company on Mechanic street.

—Frederick Specht entertained a number of young gentlemen at the Specht home on Mechanic street Friday evening.

—Mrs. T. A. Morrison entertained a number of ladies at cards last Thursday afternoon at her home on West Main street.

—The work of making the repairs at the Smehport Window Glass factory has been at a standstill, owing to the non-arrival of a carload of material which has been lost in transit.

—Mrs. G. W. Mitchell entertained at her home on West Main street last Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Welch of Denver, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Richmond.

—"Burley" Wilson, a well known cutlery workman, who has resided in this borough for several months past, moved his family to Warren Monday. He will be employed there in the new Case cutlery factory.

—A team composed of Smethport baseball players journeyed to Mt. Jewett last Thursday and in the afternoon were defeated by the team of that place to the tune of 13-6.

—A pony which Archie Malcolm purchased last year for his children, died Tuesday evening. The little animal was the finest of its species ever brought to Smethport, was highly prized by its owners, who feel its loss keenly.

—The Odd Fellows Band gave an enjoyable concert in the band stand on the court house lawn Sunday afternoon. The program was a finely rendered one, and was listened to by a large concourse of people.

—About sixty members attended the meeting of the local P. H. C. Tuesday evening. After the regular meeting a sketch entitled "Pat's Dilemma" was presented by a cast composed of members of the order. The parts were all welltaken and the production made a big hit

—Mrs. W. E. VanDyke of Franklin street gave a baby birthday party on Monday afternoon in honor of her daughter, June's, second birthday. A number of little tots and their mothers were in attendance and all had a delightful time.

—The Smethport Water Co. has finished laying the extension of its line to King's corners, East Smethport and water was turned on this week. The people of East Smethport appreciate this new convenience, and most of the residences in that place have been piped.

—An effort is being made by the Warren fans to secure the Bath, N. Y., base ball team, to represent that city during the remainder of the season, and if a certain sum of money is subscribed by to-day the deal will probably go through. If the deal is consummated it will be a big boost to the game in this section.

—Shawmut Railroad engineering corps has been engaged during the past week in making a map of its trackage about Smethport and also of the town and vicinity. What significance can be attached to this proceeding is hard to determein.

—Harold McCarthy, who sustained three fractures of his jaw in the recent automobile accident, is still suffering considerable pain. In addition to two abcesses which formed on his jaw, he has been annoyed greatly during the past week by two splintered pieces of bone which have been lodged in his mouth. During the fore part of the week he was able to get down town but for several days he has been confined to the house although his condition now shows improvement.

—The Traveller's Club picnic held on the lawn of H. C. Wells' residence on Cemetery street last Saturday afternoon was a most successful affair.

—The Hon. R. J. Hoffman, mayor of Bradford, and the Hon. S. P. Habgood of Bradford have been appointed by Chairman Crow of the Republican State convention to be members of the notification committee which will officially apprise Hon. John K. Tenner of Charleroi of his nomination for Governor. The notification will take place in Pittsburg.

—One day last week, Ed. Stabton of East Smethport, who is employed at the new Goodyear lumber job was stricke with a sun stroke. Friday his condition became such that Dr. Ostrander was summoned. The physician rendered the patient necessary medical treatment and Sunday he was brought to his home in S. F. Redfield's automobile. Stanton's condition is quite critical.

The members of the club had their husbands as guests on this occasion and various amusements were enjoyed during the afternoon. Fine refreshments were served at 5 o'clock, and the enjoyable afternoon was thus brought to a close. Great credit is due the committee who had charge of the arrangements for its big success. The committee comprised Mesdames D. C. Young, T. H. Purtle and F. W. Brownell.

—Sam Green of Green street has been annoyed along back by a series of petit robberies. At various times different articles such as garden tools, barn equipment, etc., have been removed from his barn in the rear of his residence and while the loss sustained is not large the practice is becoming most annoying. Mr. Green states that he has a very good idea as to the identity of the thieves and prosecution is likely to follow if they do not desist from their practice.

—From a postal card received yesterday afternoon by J. Colegrove it was learned that Bela Colegrove of this borough, who was badly injured on Monday of last week while visiting at Burlington flats, N. Y., by falling from the loft of a barn, a distance of 20 feet, is improving nicely. While Mr. Colegrove is not able to get out of bet as yet, his early recovery is confidently expected, which will be good news to his many friends in this borough. Mr. Colegrove was badly cut about the head and his spine was injured by the accident.

—On Friday night local officers were notified by a lady living on State street that a colored man was hanging about in the shadows of the trees on the court house square, opposite her home. Officers McCarthy, Foote and Ervin McCarthy went to the scene and, as this part of the grounds are particularly dark they used lanterns, and carefully searched the premises, without finding the man who evidently saw the searchers first. A negro, answering the description of the man in hiding, had been seen on the streets during the day and was of none too prepossessing appearance.

—Monday's Bradford Era: Mrs. Mildred A. Bollinger, aged 29 years, died at 8:45 o'clock Saturday evening at the home of her brother, W. J. Brown, at Ormsby, Pa. Mrs. Bollinger's home was in Youngstown, O., and she was a guest at the home of her brother when she was stricken with Bright's disease and expired. Deceased is survived by her husband, F. J. Bollinger, of Youngstown, O., her father, J. J. Brown of Ormsby; four brothers W. J. Brown, of Ormsby; J. D. Brown, of James City, Pa.; W. G. Brown, of Guffey, Pa., and F. C. Brown of Akron, O.; and two sisters Mrs. Delmer Bowers and Mrs. John Kinney, both of Akron, O. The body will be shipped to Warren, Pa., for burial.

—Richard Pearson, of Roulette has accepted a position at the store of Geo. King at East Smethport, and has taken up his residence in the flat on the second floor of the store building. In speaking of Mr. Pearsons removal the Roulette Record says: Richard Pearsons and family will move to Smethport this week where he has secured a good position in a grocery store. Mr. Pearsons is an excellent salesman in this line of business and will make many friends there. The Roulette people regret to loose him and his esteemable family as neighbors but wish them success and happiness in their new home. We can recommend them to the people of Smethport as most desirable citizens.

—Discovery of a new counterfeit $10 gold certificate has been announced by John E. Wilkie, Chief of the Secret Service of the Treasury Department. It purports to be the act of July 12, 1882, series of 1901, and bears the check letter "D," plate number 150, the signatures of W. T. Vernon, Register of the Treasury; Lee McClung, Treasurer, and the portrait of Hillegas. It is from a photographic plate printed on bond paper, the silk fibre being imitated by red and blue ink marks. It made its first appearance in Kentucky.

—The horse attached to the delivery wagon of Brownell's grocery store took fright at a train while standing near the Kushequa station last Saturday morning and ran away. The frightened animal started to turn up onto Main street and in doing so the rig was participated into the ditch and overturned with the result that the top of the wagon was totally demolished. No one was in the wagon at the time and the damage done was slight. The horse escaped with a few slight cuts on its legs.

—A company of boy scouts is being organized in Kane. The "Boy Scouts" had its inception in England and under the direction of General Baden Powell, the British organization has developed into what, if it became necessary, would prove a formidable fighting force. The boys are schooled in woodcraft and military tactics, being equipped and drilled in the same manner as our State militia organization. The movement has spread to the United States and before many months the American organization will comprise thousands of youths. How about organizing a company in Smethport?

—The fire engine was taken to the Shawmut railroad crossing on Water street last Thursday evening for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it would be practical to run a water line from the pond, under the Shawmut railroad tracks, to Water street. It is now impossible, at times, to get the engine to the pier that has been erected for it near the dyke, owing to cars standing on the siding. Several lengths of six-inch pipe were secured and laid over the tracks to the pond and the fire engine attached to the end. After several tryouts it was found that it would be impossible to draw water from the creek by means of such an arrangement.

—County Commissioner John P. Devlin has become an impressario. This popular official has been scouring the globe for some time past and finally found what he wanted right in McKean county, or more strictly speaking, at Duke Center, Pa. Mr. Devlin's find is one of the most strange and interesting freaks of nature that has been unearthed since the beginning of time. It rivals the Siamese twins, eclipses the Carlliff giant and makes "Tom Thumb," once the pride of the late lamented P. T. Barnum look like Smethport after the Fourth of July. The MINER will not divulge the nature of Mr. Devlin's find, which will be on exhibition at this year's McKean county Fair. Suffice to say that the county commissioner had to resort to high flights of oratory upon the farmer who owned the two-headed calf he—he—there, the cat is out of the bag, before we could stop the linotype—before he was allowed to lead the animal away to a place of concealment to be kept until the date of its first appearance, Sept. 6th.

BOTTLE BLOWERS ASSOCIATION

Meeting of Organization Held in Philadelphia Last Week.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 21.—Dennis A. Hayes, of Philadelphia, was re-elected president of the American Glass Bottle Blowers Association at the final meeting of the association here today. George B. Roberts, of San Francisco, who opposed Hayes, received 56 votes to the 164 cast for Hayes. Other officers were elected as follows:

Vice president, John A. Voll, Zanesville, O.; secretary, William Launer, Philadelphia; treasurer, Conrad Auth, Pittsburg.

President Hayes, Evegel Thorpe, of Bellaire, O., and Harry Crist, of Williamstown, N. J., were elected delegates to the American Federation of Labor convention.

The convention instructed the executive officers to demand a return to the scale of wages in force before the reduction in the price of ware last year due to the introduction of machinery.

John Larson of this borough represented the local branch of the association at the meeting.

WM. MONHEIMER.

PAY NO MORE

Than **48** cents

For a Splendid Dress Shirt with or without Collars. It is the

Best Shirt Value

ever offered in Smethport. If you buy at once you will have a large variety of patterns to select from. Sizes 14 to 17½

AT 48 CENTS

MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

Summer Clearance BARGAINS

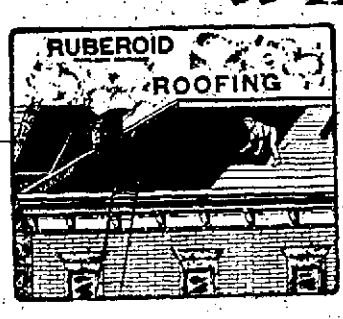
These are days of saving for the thrifty—Odd lots in all lines are priced way below the regular mark for complete clearance—In some instances prices are half and less while all are substantial reductions—Summer Goods must make way for Fall shipments which will be arriving before long now. Look over this partial list.

Suits, Coats and Skirts	Reduced	⅓
Printed Wash Goods	"	¼ to ⅓
Odd lots of Hosiery	"	¼ to ⅓
Muslin Underwear	"	¼ to ⅓
Odd lots of Knit Underwear	"	¼ to ⅓
Odd lots of Belts and Neckwear	"	⅓
Odd lots of Men's Shirts	"	⅓
White and Colored Parasols	"	⅓

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, - - - PENN'A.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family?

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.
Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,

Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

VULPINE SAGACITY.

The Tale of a Fox From the West Coast of Ireland.

It has often been said that the fox is the most cunning of all animals, but the following story of vulpine sagacity seems to require some credence. Some fishermen on the west coast of Ireland were in the habit of going to a small island a few hundred yards from the mainland in quest of bait. The island was inhabited by large numbers of rabbits and could be reached at low tide by wading, the water then being only a few inches deep. One morning they went in their boat quite early, it being high tide, and on landing saw what seemed to be a dead fox lying on the beach. The fur of the animal was all bedraggled, and he seemed to have been drowned. One of the men, remarking that his skin was worth something, pitched him into the boat. Procuring their bait, they returned to the mainland, and then the man who had possessed himself of the fox seized him by the tail and flung him on shore. As soon as the animal struck the beach he picked himself up with considerable agility for a dead fox and shot off like a flash along the cliffs, while the men stood staring at one another in mute astonishment. The men concluded that he had crossed over to the island during the night when the tide was low in search of rabbits and, finding in the morning that he was cut off from the mainland, counterfeited death, with the expectation of thereby procuring a passage to the shore in the boat, an expectation which was fully realized.—London Globe.

A DOG IN THE SKY.

Tibetan Explanation of the Cause of an Eclipse.

Every one has heard of the Chinese myth explaining an eclipse and the enormous dragon that stalks through the sky seeking to devour the sun. But the Tibetan legend is a little different and very interesting as described by Sven Hedin in his "Trans-Himalaya." After describing the eclipse and the terror and depression with which it was received he says:

Then I visited Hlaje Tsering with the corner pillars of my caravan. He sat at his lacquered table drinking tea and had his long Chinese pipe in his mouth.

"Why is it that it has just been so dark?" I asked him. "The gods of the Dangrayumtso are angry because you will not allow me to visit their lake."

"No, certainly not. A big dog roams about the sky and often conceals the sun. But I and the lama Lobsang have prayed all the time before the altar and have burned joss sticks before the images of the gods. You have nothing to fear. The dog has passed on."

"Very fine!" I cried and made a desperate attempt to explain the phenomenon. Robert held up his saucer to represent the sun, and I took two rupees to represent the earth and moon crossing each other's orbit. Hlaje Tsering listened attentively to Muhamed Isa's translation of my demonstration, nodded approvingly and finally expressed his opinion that this might do very well for us, but that it did not suit Tibet.

Meteors.

There is one very interesting fact connected with meteors that have struck the earth. Hundreds of them have been examined and found to contain animal remains—that is, the very lowest forms of life. This indicates that they are parts of a world that burst into fragments long, long ago. What a thought—a world broken up and scattered through space! Maybe we had another moon once, but that broke into pieces and these are the pieces, and maybe they are parts of the planet that once revolved between Mars and Jupiter. Over 500 of the larger pieces of this planet have been discovered and catalogued. One of these flew away inside of Mars' orbit. Why may not many of the smaller pieces and these solid meteors be they? It is probably so.—Columbus Journal.

The Way to Float.

This is the advice of an old swimmer to those who cannot swim: "Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water. When you first find yourself in deep water you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher. Let your mouth and nose and not the top of your heavy head be the highest part of you and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go, turning up the handle tips over the pitcher." There are reason and logic in this.

Dense.

One day the teacher asked her class to write an essay on London, about which they had just been reading. When examining their papers later she was surprised to read the following:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

"Where did you get that from?" asked she of Maggie Jones.

"Please, miss, it's all in the book. It says 'the population of London is very dense.'"—London Answers.

Props.

"My dear brother," said the clerical looking man, "are you doing anything to keep your brother from falling?"

"Why, yes," was the reply. "I'm interested in a concern that manufactures lamppostsl"—Boston Courier.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.—Franklin.

STOPPED THE DUEL.

But Not Until Maynard Was Nearly Dead From Terror.

Regnier, the French satirist of the reign of Louis XIII., forced a quarrel upon the poet Maynard, who was almost Quakerish in his love of peace. Maynard could not well avoid the appearance of taking up the quarrel, but immediately after the preliminaries sought out his patron, Comte de Clermont-Lodeve, and begged him to "surprise" the party at the dueling ground and break up the affair. The count promised, and Maynard went away with a lighter heart. But his patron, wanting some amusement, hastened to the field and concealed himself in the shrubbery before the party arrived. Maynard went through the first stages of preparation very well, but grew more and more nervous as time passed and the count did not appear. Then he began to play for delay. First he was sure that his sword was shorter than his adversary's, necessitating a slow and technical measurement. Next his boots hurt him, and he had a long, hard struggle to get them off his feet. At last, after the cold perspiration had begun to drip from his brow and he was more dead than alive, his protector emerged suddenly from the bushes and interfered. A peace was soon patched up, Maynard declaring that if he had said anything disagreeable about Regnier he had not intended to do so and Regnier accepting this as balm for his wounded feelings. As Maynard threw down his sword at the close of the parley and reached for his hat he was heard to murmur, "Another time I shall trust to my own wits to pull me out of a scrape, for if I had depended on the count I might have been made into mincemeat a half hour ago!"—New York Post.

COUNTING A SCORE.

It Represents the Whole Man, Ten Fingers and Ten Toes.

Twenty is called a score because it represents the whole man, ten fingers and ten toes. Etymologically it means a cut or mark. In very early times, when men could not count beyond twenty, or "one man," it was usual to cut a notch in a stick and begin again, and so it went on, one man, two men, and so on. This is why sheep are still counted by the score. Now, a tally (French tallie, cut or nicked) means an account kept by means of a notched stick, and until the end of the eighteenth century such sticks were given as exchequer receipts, accompanied by a written document. This was also the usual way of keeping accounts in the inns of the middle ages. The number of drinks or meals a customer had were scored against him on what was called a tally stick, and when it reached twenty, or a "whole man," he was expected to pay. In some English country inns scores are still kept on a slate, four chalk marks and one across—five—and four of these make twenty, or a score.—Westminster Gazette.

Escapes in War.

Until war ceases, which will be the greatest miracle of all, it will always be the exhibition ground of miracles. How can a bullet puncture a man's coat behind and before or pierce his boot and sock and be gravely shaken out of both without wounding him? And what mysterious channel does this human body contain which leads a bullet dexterously around the heart, a hair's breadth from the seat of life, yet never rending it—a phenomenon vouched for by more than one army surgeon? Shells have burst thunderously between the very legs of soldiers and left them still soldiers. Pompom shells of two inches diameter have passed through legs and arms without shattering the bone or bursting at the impact, though there appears to be literally no room for such a merciful performance. In fact, a history of the escapes in war would be wild reading even after a course of Munchausen.

Sharing His Bed.

A Grub street friend of Dr. Johnson's was Derrick, of whom he wrote, "I honor Derrick for his strength of mind." One night when Floyd, another poor author, was wandering about the streets he found Derrick asleep upon a bulk. Upon being suddenly awakened Derrick started up. "My dear Floyd," said he, "I am sorry to see you in this destitute state. Will you go home with me to my lodgings?" And they turned in on the bulk together like the good fellows they were.

A Crowd Assured.

"Can't we have our marriage celebrated quietly, dear duke?"

"You mean wizout ze gr-r-reat crowd?"

"Yes."

"I'm afr-r-raid not. My creditors are quite sure to find us out, and every one weel be zere!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Well Begun—Half Done.

Sidney was walking on the bench with his Uncle John when his uncle told him that if he could find two pebbles exactly alike he would give him a dollar. Full of glee, Sidney began searching. By and by he ran to his uncle crying, "Oh, Uncle John, I've found one of them!"—Delineator.

Artful Innocence.

"I wish I was a moth," was the enigmatical declaration made by a young married woman to her husband.

"Why?"

"Because I should be able to get into some new clothes!"

The fact that they cannot carry a tune does not deter some men from singing their own praises.—Philadelphia Record.

MAN AND THE RAT.

The Long Battle Between These Two Conquering Forces.

The dominion of man over the beasts of the field does not yet include the rodents. Aurochs, cave bear and mammoth we put down with stone headed arrows. We have wiped out the buffalo. The lion and the elephant will soon be gone. But still the rabbit of Australia cost the colonies millions a year. Traps, ferrets and poison still fail to make headway against the rats, mice and gophers of the United States. While our animal enemies have become smaller in size, they have grown more numerous. It is as if nature after trying vainly to chastise her insurgent son with a catapult had gone after him with a shotgun.

The fact is that of all warm blooded creatures there are just two that are really dominant, successful, increasing in numbers and range and able to maintain themselves anywhere in the world against all rivals. These two are man and the rats. The genus homo and genus mus go everywhere and eat everything. They are the two creatures that dwell in houses and travel in ships. Each drives its other rivals to the wall, but neither except locally and for brief periods has ever come near to exterminating the other. Civilized man has fought the common rat for 200 years, and the battle is still drawn.—McClure's Magazine.

A KING'S DOWNFALL.

Louis Philippe's Lack of Nerve When the Crisis Came.

Baroness Bonde wrote in her diary the following account of the abdication of Louis Philippe of France on the day of that remarkable occurrence:

"An aid-de-camp of the minister of war who was in the king's cabinet when he abdicated gave me a detailed account of this most signal piece of cowardice. He had reviewed the troops in the carrousel on horseback, highly rouged, when a cry was raised, 'Voici les Faubourgs!' No one had any orders; no one gave any. The mob rushed forward, shouting, 'Vive la garde nationales—vivent les troupes!' and shook hands with the outposts. The king retreated precipitately with his sons, and a sublieutenant of the national guard rushed into the palace asking to see him. He was admitted and in the greatest agitation said, 'Your majesty must abdicate.' 'Very well,' says the king. 'In favor of my grandson.' 'No, unconditionally,' says the young and self elected mouthpiece of public opinion.

"Would you believe it? Of all who were congregated round the royal person Piscatory alone said: 'Go down and head your troops. Fight for your crown and your dynasty.' He was overruled, and they all marched out of the palace except the Duchesse d'Orleans, her children and the Duc de Nemours."

Boxing the Compass.

Boys who live in seaport towns are sometimes asked to "box the compass." If they can do it quickly and accurately they are fine sailors and may grow up to be the captain of a four master. If they miss a point or can only do it slowly they are landlubbers and will never see blue water. To box the compass means to name all the points in order just as fast as you can speak. This is the way an old down east skipper will rattle it off: North, nor' by east, nor'-nor'east, nor'east by north, northeast, nor'east by east, east-nor'east, east by north, east, east by south, east-sou'east, sou'east by east, sou'east, sou'east by south, sou'-sou'east, sou' by east, south, sou' by west, sou'-sou'west, sou'west by south, sou'west, sou'west by west, west-sou'west, west by south, west, west by north, west-nor'west, nor'west by west, nor'west, nor'west by north, nor'-nor'west, nor' by west, north.

Can you do it?—Exchange.

Gunpowder and Artillery.

There is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past. The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannon and guns or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of gunpowder. It is also written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls."

An Odd Turkish Superstition.

An odd Turkish superstition is as follows: If one finds a piece of bread lying upon the ground he must pick it up, kiss it and carry it until he finds a hole into which the bread can be inserted. To step upon a piece of bread or to leave it lying upon the ground is one of the unpardonable sins and dooms the offender to the third hell, where he is perpetually gored by an ox that has but a single horn that is in the center of his forehead.

Advanced Ancestral Pride.

"So Woodby is very rich now. When I knew him he was poor. His only treasure in those days was the musket his great-grandfather carried in the Revolution."

"Oh, his great-grandfather has been promoted since. Woodby exhibits his sword now."—Philadelphia Press.

The Limelight.

"Pa, what is meant by the limelight?"

"The limelight, my boy, is something that everybody wants to be in without paying advertising rates for the privilege."—Detroit Free Press.

TOLD IN A DREAM.

The Message a Dying Girl Conveyed to Her Brother.

This is an absolutely true dream story: A certain young lady, whom we will call Mary A., was recovering from illness. The doctor had declared her to be out of danger, and her friends and relatives were rejoicing in the fact. Nevertheless Miss A., receiving a visit one day from a sister, gravely assured her that she was going to die. The sister poohpoohed the idea and treated it as an invalid's fancy. Miss A., however, with the utmost calmness, repeated her statement. She was certain that she would die that night and begged her sister to fetch her parents and other relatives to say goodby. Thinking to humor her, the sister complied. One person was absent from this strange family gathering—a brother, who was at sea and was expected home in a week or two. "But it does not matter," Miss A. quietly observed. "I saw him last night in a dream and said goodby to him in his cabin." Before the sun rose again Miss A.'s prediction had come true; she was dead. That, however, is not the strangest part of this weird story. When in due time the sailor brother reached port he was met by his other sister, who began to tell him the sad news. "Ah," he interrupted, "you need not tell me! Mary is dead. I knew it, for she came to me one night in my dreams and told me she was going to die and wanted to say goodby." On comparing dates it was found that the dreams were dreamed on the selfsame night.—London News.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Richard Strauss Composed Dance Music at the Age of Six.

Richard Strauss was a musical prodigy. His first effort at writing music was made at a Christmas celebration, says the Designer. Some children were dancing around the tree and singing a three part song. "I can compose music like that," said the six-year-old Richard to his mother. Thereupon he sat down and did so. But his mother was obliged to write in the words, because, although he could write music legibly, his pot hooks were too large. Strauss himself not only vouched for the truth of this story, but said that while he was still six years old he composed a polka and a schottische.

Richard was only fifteen when a symphony composed by him was brought out by Herman Levi, court conductor at Munich and conductor of the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. When Richard came out to bow his acknowledgment of the applause which followed the symphony a man in the audience turned to his neighbors and asked, "What has that boy got to do with it?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "except that he's the composer."

Ancient Ideas of Africa.

In mediaeval times Africa was an unknown continent as well as Asia. Until a few years after the discovery of Columbus no one had sailed around it, and it was quite generally thought, as it had previously been thought in regard to Asia, that the African continent extended on and on indefinitely. It was supposed that far to the south was the zone of heat, in which no human being could live. This was by no means an unreasonable inference to the ancients. They knew that the farther they sailed to the north the colder it grew and that in the extreme north was a region of perpetual snow. They also knew that the farther they sailed to the south the warmer it grew, and what was more natural for them to suppose that if they went far enough in that direction they would come upon lands that were parched and baked and upon seas that boiled, where nothing could live but salamanders?

The Smile.

We talk of a smile of defiance. There is really no such thing. Such a so called smile is nothing more nor less than a snarl, a survival of the way our savage ancestors had of showing their teeth in order to strike fear into the hearts of their enemies. The real smile of pleasure begins with slightly opening the mouth, and is, of course, traceable to the joy of those same savage forefathers of ours at the prospect of food.

A Mean Comparison.

"Confound these railway time tables!" snapped Mr. Stubb as the long folder refused to remain closed long enough for him to place it in his pocket. "They remind me of a woman."

"The idea!" replied his wife in surprise. "What is the comparison?"

"Why, they are hard to understand, and you can't get them to shut up."

An Old Story.

Doctor—I shall have to forbid you smoking, drinking and staying out late nights. Patient—Oh, doctor, be original! My wife's done that already.—Boston Transcript.

A Proud Prerogative.

"When can a boy be said to have arrived at man's estate?"

"When he begins giving his old clothes to his father."—St. Louis Republic.

A Change Impending.

He—If you accept me it will make another man of me, but if you refuse me I shall never be the same man again.—London Punch.

It is as easy to deceive oneself as it is difficult to deceive others.—Rochefoucauld.

A BROKEN DRIVING ROD.

The Disaster Most Dreaded by the Locomotive Engineer.

The close calls that whiten the engineer's hair are mostly due to some one else's error or oversight which he cannot foresee or prevent. That many of these close calls do not result fatally is due to the engineer's swift and skillful meeting of the emergency.

The great driving wheels on which most of the enormous weight on the locomotive rests are connected by massive jointed bars of forged steel. The ends of these are attached to the wheels about halfway between the axis and circumference. It is through these bars, called driving rods, that the wheels receive their impulse from the imprisoned steam. These rods weigh thousands of pounds each. Occasionally one of their fastenings will break, and then every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached will send the rod swinging like a titan's flail, beating down 800 strokes a minute. Nothing can withstand these awful blows. They tear up the track below and shatter the engine above, especially the cab where rides the engineer. No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks it is a miracle if the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck despite the rain of blows from this huge flail of steel their act brings forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other form of bravery that the railroad knows.

Only the other day one of the driving rods of a fast passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Pickerel mountain. In an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown its rider. In some way, however, Lutz, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the little window upon the boiler to try to reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself astride along the scorching boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve, which it took at terrific speed. The shock half threw the engineer from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the bell rope. Then he worked himself down along the uninjured side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power, the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then little by little the thrashing of the great driving rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slower, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured, and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over of the danger that had been avoided so narrowly.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Harper's Weekly.

A Rare Old Book.

The second book printed in the English language was "The Game and Playe of the Chess," which the title page says was "Fynyshid the last day of Marche, the yer of our lord god a thousand foure hondred and LXXIII." Only twelve copies of the work are now known to exist. In 1813 an Englishman of the name of Aichorne sold his copy for a sum equal to $220 in United States currency. Fifty-six years later, in 1869, the same volume (an imperfect copy) was sold for $2,150. The British museum has refused an offer of $10,000 for its copy, which is imperfect to the extent of having seven leaves missing.

The Making of Words.

Dean Swift protested against "speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions," as newfangled expressions brought into common use by the war of his day. To day nearly all these are the most orthodox English. In his time "mob" seems commonly to have been written "mobb," and "phizz" also had the doubled consonant. Hence his complaint that "we cram one syllable and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away."

Posted.

Pater—Can you give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Suitor—Yes, sir. I've breakfasted at your house, and I'm certain that I can complain about the coffee, read the paper, demand the discharge of the cook and announce that I'll dine at the club.—New York Journal.

A Clean Cut.

Sykes—My eyes met hers, and would you believe it, she cut me! Tykes—How very rude! Who is she? Sykes—Oh, a lady barber. She was shaving me, and this is the cut.—London Telegraph.

Consoling Her.

Bess—I sometimes wish I might see myself as others see me. Nell—Oh, you poor dear! Why, you just couldn't believe your eyes!—Browning's Magazine.

Cruel.

Maude—That girl is a lifelong friend of mine. Ethel—Dear me! And she doesn't look a day over forty.—Boston Transcript.

State.
Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sisson.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy. of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Wannamaking.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. M. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Ahlers, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. M. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.

Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Isbrer, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Working, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. E. Mann.
Justices—H. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 329, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 26, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Cragmore

A Practical Lesson in the Art of Husband Winning

By GWENDOLIN ADAMS

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The central figure in these complications is Roscoe Curtiss. If this were a play the heroine would be—well, I would be the heroine. There wouldn't be *any hero; that is,* unless Roscoe would be considered such, but he isn't. He's simply an objective point, like the king in chess. A character the theater people would call the heavy woman—the woman who makes all the trouble—is Kate Carpenter. The reason she has made all the trouble is that she wants the same man I want. We both want Roscoe.

There! I think I have stated the case just as it is.

Roscoe is intellectual. He stood high in his class in college and took a lot of honors—whatever that may be—but I don't love him for his learning. I love him for himself. That is, I don't exactly know what I love him for. I only know that I love him.

Kate Carpenter is a college graduate too. She's the only girl I am afraid of. When we three are together, Roscoe and Kate and I, she always introduces subjects I don't know anything about. That's a way she has of making me take a back seat. Roscoe doesn't like to talk "booky," as he calls it, and tries to stop her, but she won't be stopped. Not that she prefers to talk booky; she only wants to show her superiority over me.

I'm not such a fool but that I can see that Kate always turns the conversation on to subjects she knows *something about,* and when Roscoe gets on to a subject of which she is ignorant she keeps mum. It occurred to me to-day—when they were talking, notice the subjects she avoids, make a list of them and study them. And so I did. I found out that history doesn't interest her. Nor does science. She smatters over social questions, professes herself theoretically a Socialist and all that.

During the spring months I devoted myself to study. All the members of this play, as I call it, are friends—at least *the families are*—and we meet every season at the summer cottage of one or the other for a house party. This year we are at our country home. In March, April, May and June I stuffed myself like a Christmas turkey with history. I studied up to the last minute before leaving town, and when I reached Marston, our place, I tell you I knew a lot. I'd read a whole column of the history of England.

I didn't let on what I knew. I just laid low for Kate when she got on her high horse before Roscoe. I didn't have to wait long. The day after we all arrived we three were sitting on the porch, Roscoe smoking, Kate doing fancy work, I lolling in the hammock. Kate got on to votes for women and cited certain conditions away back in Greece or Egypt or some other benighted country in support of the position she took.

"I've always considered," I butted in, "Lady Jane Grey to be the legitimate sovereign of England."

Both Roscoe and Kate looked at me, astonished, then glanced at each other. Then Kate went on about the women of other times. Notwithstanding her contemptuous glance I was not to be put down.

"Why don't they include Oliver Cromwell in the list of British sovereigns?" I remarked casually. "He was a king really, if not in name. At any rate, he was a ruler."

You should have seen the amazed sneer Kate gave me. But this time she deigned to notice what I said.

"Cromwell was a regicide."

That stooped me. I didn't know what a regicide was any more than what a camel or leopard feeds on. But I didn't let on how *ignorant* I was. I just looked as if I knew all about it. Kate took up her old subject again, and I did some thinking. She seemed to know more than I did about Cromwell and regicides and all that. How would it do for me to invent a character? I concluded to try it.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the *hanging of Cragmore* at Tyburn was a just and proper thing to do?"

That caused both Roscoe and Kate to sit up and take notice. They looked at each other for a moment sort of quizzically; then Kate said to Roscoe:

"One of Jeffries' victims, wasn't he?"

"Never heard of him," Roscoe replied.

"I think he was a Monmouth conspirator," Kate protested. She would not delgn to ask me about him. She had too great a contempt for my ignorance and too high an opinion of her own knowledge.

"Who was he, Lulu?" asked Roscoe.

"I'm surprised," I said, "that Kate doesn't know who he was."

She was the maddest girl you ever saw. Her face was red as a beet, and she made her fingers fly at her work.

"I'm not here cramming for an examination," she snapped.

I was so encouraged by the success of my scheme that I thought I'd go on a little further.

"Well, I don't mind telling you who Cragmore was, since you don't know," I said good naturedly. "One can't remember all the minor characters. I was interested in him because he was one of the men who helped Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, queen of Scots, to murder her lover Rizzio at Holyrood palace."

If Cragmore was a surprise, this connecting him with that assassination was the bursting of a bomb. I hadn't read about this Darnley-Rizzio business at all. When we were in Scotland last year I went through Holyrood palace and heard the story from a guide.

I think that by this time Roscoe had got on to what I was about. At any rate, I saw the corner of his mouth quirk up, and he was looking far out on the landscape with his hat pulled down over his forehead. He did not say a word. I was sure he was waiting for Kate to get tangled up some more. At any rate, he let her do the talking.

"I thought," she said, "the murder of Rizzio was a mystery—that there was no certainty about the identity of the assassin."

"It may be," remarked Roscoe, "that Lulu has got hold of some recent developments which I have not been made aware of."

"H'm!" sneered Kate. "More likely she got this Cragmore mixed up with the wrong event. Seems to me I've heard the name mentioned somewhere in English or Scotch history."

I just smothered her with kindness. "Why, so you have," I said in a sweet, soft voice. "How ridiculous of me! He was one of the Scottish chiefs who went with King James when he proceeded to London to assume the sovereignty of England. Now you remember, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Kate as if she were trying to recall something.

There was a perceptible broadening of the smile on Roscoe's lips. "We've had enough of history," he said. "Let's talk tennis awhile. I bought me a new racket before leaving the city. It's a dandy."

Kate rose and, taking her work with her, went into the house. Maybe I didn't feel pretty good. I knew what she'd do. She'd ransack every book in the house trying to find out who Cragmore was. All I feared was that she would find somebody of that name. But I didn't care. I'd say that wasn't the Cragmore I meant.

However, I'd only half won the battle. But it was the biggest half. If I could put my rival out of the fight on her favorite ground, learning, I thought I could snare Roscoe. I'm not one of those girls to quarrel with a rival. When a man sees two girls fighting over him he gets disgusted with both. There's where I got ahead of Kate. She showed that she was miffed because I knew who Cragmore was and she didn't. I think I played that very foxy.

"Lulu," said Roscoe when she had gone, "you should be ashamed of yourself." He gave me an amused and a pleasant look that showed he wasn't ashamed of me.

"Why so?" I asked.

"You don't know any more about history than a newly hatched chicken."

I was ready for him. I'd been practicing looking hurt before a mirror, and I flatter myself I'd got it down to a fine point. I made him think I was going to burst into tears. I pretended to try to say something, but couldn't, I was so heartbroken.

"Why, Lulu! Don't take a fellow seriously."

"You are very unkind," I moaned.

"Unkind? Why so?"

"You who know so much to snub a poor ignorant g-g-girl"— I could go no further for rising tears.

"My dear little girl," he said, rising and taking a seat by me in the hammock, "I'm awfully sorry if I've hurt your feelings."

"Because I've not been to college as you and Kate have you do nothing but try to put me down."

"I try to put you down?"

"Yes. I simply tried to take part in some of your and Kate's conversations that I'm constantly left out of and you combine to snub me."

He rested his head on the hammock back of me. I didn't propose that it should remain there, so I turned away from him, put my handkerchief to my face and was shaken by sobs.

That did it. He put his arm around my waist.

Before I let him go I had him kissing my tears away (I was awfully afraid he'd notice there weren't any tears), and if it hadn't been for Kate coming back ostensibly for a book she'd left I would have had it all my own way and settled. You should have seen her when she saw Roscoe sitting by me in the hammock.

"Excuse me," she said; "I didn't mean to intrude. I presume Lulu is whispering in your ear who this Cragmore was."

Roscoe looked at her sort of angry. I wished she'd say something more that was disagreeable. I would have egged her on to do so, but that would have given me away also. So I held my peace, and when she had gone into the house I said softly:

"You mustn't mind what a girl says when she is angry. Kate is lovely. I wish I was as good as she is."

"And knew as much. She's always booky."

The bell rang for lunch, and knowing that he wasn't in a mood to go any further then, I put matters off for a more convenient season. I felt pretty sure that since I had induced him to put his arm around my waist and kiss away tears that wouldn't flow I'd be smart enough to do the rest of it.

This is the way I managed it. I didn't let at all as if there was nothing between us. On the contrary, I assumed that there was a great deal between us. I pretended to be embarrassed whenever we met, cast down my eyes, started whenever he spoke to me and acted always as though the slightest harsh word from him would throw me into convulsive sobbing.

I am engaged to Roscoe.

The Third Derelict

A Hairbreadth Escape From Death

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS

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As the Ylang rounded the headland I noticed them off to the starboard, two hulks, red with rust, awash under the *branches of the big trees* that grew in a dense forest far out into the shallow water of the lagoon. One steamer was wedged in between great boles, the tops of its masts showing oddly above the overhanging greenery. The other lay well over upon its side, like some portly marine monster that had taken shelter there from the tropic sun. How any person not a positive idiot could have blundered into such a place passed my comprehension.

The repeated blasts from our whistle had roused the owner of the coconnut grove that was to furnish us our cargo, and presently the white drill suit and pith helmet which we always associate with the white man in the tropics appeared in the stern of a boat which glided out from under the trees. Before our gangplank was fairly lowered a tall, rawboned young Englishman, distinctly of the "gentleman" type, came over the ship's side and introduced himself as Shackleford, the man with whom I had contracted to carry a load of nuts to Liverpool.

"No, I haven't a black on the place," he explained in response to an inquiry of mine as we took our places in his flat bottomed boat, manned wholly by Chinamen, and started for his bungalow, whose corrugated roof blazed in the intense sunlight through a rift in the cocoanut grove. "It costs three times as much for Chinese labor, but for some reason I can't get a nigger to come near the plantation."

"That's strange."

"Wait till tonight and you'll hear as horrible row as you ever heard. Then you'll know. The mountains back there are alive with apes. That is why I put up a twenty-five foot high barbed wire fence."

That evening we were sitting in the bungalow, sipping whisky and soda and swapping yarns about Penang, when a volley of barks, sharp as the rattle of musketry, made me spring up in alarm.

Shackleford put down his glass and haw-hawed. "It's only those blasted apes," he explained when he had managed to control his mirth. "Take down that rifle and come along."

Armed with Winchesters, we made our way to the edge of the grove nearest the spur of the mountain. As we approached a chorus of snarls greeted us, and in the clear starlight I saw a host of infuriated apes hurling themselves against the barbed wire fence.

For a time the brutes paid little heed to our fusillade. Then, under the leadership of a huge gray ape, they broke and made for cover.

The great grizzled brute was the last to retire, and at the edge of the jungle it turned and gibbered at us in a way that made my flesh creep. It seemed to voice the fathomless hatred of the whole jungle world for the usurper man.

The next morning on our way back to the steamer I asked Shackleford about the two wrecks.

"Oh, I fancy the fool captains could not steer straight," he replied lightly. "Longstreth—that's the chap I bought the grove from—said that both ships were loaded with cocoanuts. He would not talk much about it, though—too sour to talk about anything."

Later, to satisfy my curiosity, I rowed over and had a look at the hulks, and as I examined them I noted two facts that kept me speculating for days. Before either steamer went into its present position the boats had been hastily slashed away, and there wasn't a single cocoanut to be seen in either hold.

That night I spent ashore again with Shackleford, and when I returned to my ship the following morning I found it in an ominous state of excitement. Usually the Chinese portion of it occupied the forward part of the main deck, eating and sleeping in the corners among the steam winches. The lascars had always claimed the forecastle head, where their tall, gaunt bodies and swathed heads seemed an inseparable part of the ship. Now, however, race and caste were forgotten, and turbans and pigtails mingled promiscuously in groups that whispered eagerly in a dozen corners.

At sight of me they quickly dispersed, but with those two rusty hulks looming up yonder as object lessons I took prompt measures to forestall a possible mutiny. Summoning the first mate—a half caste from Calcutta that I had picked up in Penang when MacPherson died of cholera—I locked the door behind him, left my revolver on the table, where he could meditate upon its use as we talked, and then asked him a few pointed questions. He turned white under his dinky skin, but soon pulled himself together and began to lie to me. I knew it by the way his eyelids flickered. The boy was too hot for even a Chinaman to live on; the lagoon was full of sharks; the typhoon season was coming on—these and a dozen other reasons for leaving at once slipped from his oily tongue and left me more puzzled than ever.

After that experience I spent no more nights ashore, but watched continually for the slightest hint of rebellion. Early the next morning when the cocoanuts began to arrive on the big bamboo rafts I noted with a grin of satisfaction that all hands set to work packing them into the hold with an alacrity which they had never before manifested in my service.

Taking on cargo occupied a week, and during that time I never left the ship's deck farther than the cabin.

The following evening we put out to sea, the men working like demons to get away before night shut down, Shackleford laughing all the while at their eagerness to be rid of what he declared to be "the finest spot east of Suez." His Chinamen—I shall never forget that last glimpse of them—squatted upon the empty bamboo rafts, their cues wound about their unshaved heads, the sweat still streaming down their naked bodies to the flimsy cotton pantaloons corded about their waists, and viewed our departure out of their narrow eyes with features as impassive as those of a stone Buddha. What did they know about the two rusty hulks, the gray "thing" that haunted them, and what had they told my crew? I wondered. Worn out with a trying week, I turned in.

A shock hurled me from my berth, and as I groped about in the darkness for the key of the door the sound of crashing timber and of branches trailing across the cabin window made me guess my surroundings. Springing on deck, I turned instinctively to the wheel, and there, bowed over it like an old man and clutching the spokes with hairy hands, was a huge gray ape—the very monster Shackleford and I had failed to bring down the night of the raid upon the cocoanut grove!

At sight of me it relinquished its hold upon the wheel and sprang at me, baring its teeth in sudden rage. Whipping out my Colt, I began to fire and back away and brought it down with a shot in its gaping mouth just as it was reaching out its horrible corded arms to seize me. As it collapsed with a gasping shudder at my very feet I sprang backward from sheer repulsion and in doing so fell into the lagoon through a hole in the railing that the thick branch of a tree had carried away.

Not till then did the full significance of what had transpired dawn upon me. Crew there was none, but apes from the surrounding trees and the two rusty hulks that had—I shuddered and that now lay on either side came swarming upon the steamer till they covered everything—winches, forecastle head, the capstan, davits, the spare anchors, the very rigging—with a gray, writhing mass that struggled and fought and screamed in a wild rush for the cocoanuts, which could easily be reached through the main hatch, left open to prevent overheating. Swimming round to the rudder, now completely out of water above the madly racing screw, I climbed up beyond the reach of sharks and listened to the appalling pandemonium till the last cocoanut must have been removed from the hold, when the brutes gradually dispersed through the forest.

Afraid to venture back on deck, at daylight I mounted a piece of the round house that had been swept overboard and made my way on the incoming tide up the channel which led to the plantation. On the edge of the grove I paused in incredulous wonder, and then the truth came home to me. Under a fierce attack of the apes the wire fence had at last given way, and the cocoanut grove was in ruins. Shackleford's bungalow I found in a state of pillage so complete that only the four upright posts remained, and the flimsy huts occupied by the Chinese laborers were scattered about as if struck by a typhoon.

Not far from the ruins I found Shackleford's beautifully stained meerschaum pipe trampled into the earth by a host of passing feet, and protruding from under a tattered cocoanut leaf was a Chinaman's cue, streaked with gray, but no Celestial at the severed end. Prepared for the worst, I was hastening down the newly beaten path toward the jungle, when a groan to my left attracted my attention, and, rushing over, I found Shackleford and his Chinamen neatly trapped under the barbed wire fence.

"You see," Shackleford explained when I had pried up the edge of the deadly netting which they were unable to raise with their bare hands because of the inch long barbs, "we were poking the bally brutes off the fence with sharpened bamboos and having no end of fun when their weight doubled the whole thing over and shut us into as fine a little fort as a fellow could wish for. Ha, ha!"

Shackleford, followed by a score of bedraggled Chinamen, crawled out stiffly from his involuntary but lucky imprisonment and looked ruefully at his blood spattered clothes. "They ripped and tore at the netting like a lot of mad devils," he continued; "and the blood from their lacerated feet came through on us like a shower of warm rain, but none of us was hurt except Ah Cong over there. He was a bit careless and let his pigtail stick out through the netting. Lucky thing I had a knife, you sour old heathen!" turning to a grizzled Chinaman, whose cue had been severed close to his head, "or that big ape that got hold of the end of it would have pulled it out by the roots." And Shackleford laughed uproariously as he reached for his pipe, examined the coloring with the eye of a connoisseur and then began to dig the dirt out of the bowl. "But I don't understand what made the brutes all quit and go tearing away toward the bay," he added thoughtfully as he opened his tobacco pouch.

For answer I led him down to the third derelict and showed him the empty hold.

Home

A Woman Passes Two Existences In One House

By EDITH V. ROSS

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My love for Edward Lane began when we were both so young that neither of us could remember a time when it did not exist. His father's place was but a short distance from ours. Indeed, the rear line marked the limits of both places. On one side of this line was the playground of the several children, boys and girls, including Edward and myself, who lived in the neighborhood. I can remember as far back as when I was seven years old and Edward nine that in playing keep house he and I always played the part of husband and wife. There was a swing on this playground, and Edward's father put up articles for a boys' gymnasium. A little house four or five feet high was built for us girls and furnished with toy furniture. At times we would leave our dolls there all night, first putting them to bed.

When I grew taller I could not understand how I could have stood upright in that little house. And what seemed more remarkable to me was that Edward could have done so, for he was always a large child. And I remember that when he had been away to school for a long while and came back he was taller than the house.

By this time we were growing out of childhood into that intermediate period when, though boys and girls may feel love, they are not likely to express it. It is a period of transition from child love to real love. The boy mind is taken up with athletic sports, while the girl hides her secret almost from herself. Indeed, so nebulous is this period that in my own case it is difficult for me to recall my exact feelings. I remember them faintly and as existing at intervals. They were rather a small portion of my girl's existence than the whole of it.

When I was sixteen I was awakened to the true condition by the marked preference displayed by another girl for my Edward. From that time my love became the principal instead of a minor part in my life. I failed to conceal my jealousy from him, and this brought out his own consciousness of what was between us. There was no formal declaration, no conventional giving of the hand, not even the lovers' kiss. He merely said something about the other girl. I know not what, but it assured me there was no change in our position since the days when we played husband and wife at keeping house—no change in the position, but a great change in the condition. It had then been like a winter bud, but it was now swollen under a spring sun, ready to put forth leaves.

I sometimes wished that I could have experienced the proposal that other girls seemed to regard the next most important moment in their lives to their marriage. Edward and I had no occasion for a proposal. Our love was rather, as I have said, an unfolding of a bud than the birth of a butterfly. The only abrupt part of it was when he gave me the first kiss. I have always treasured that in lieu of a proposal.

When we were married great changes had occurred. I was left alone in the world. So it was arranged that we should occupy my house. Our living room was on the second floor, overlooking the playground where we had pretended to be husband and wife. The faint dream of childhood had been developed to a realization of almost perfect happiness. If there could be a perfection on earth, these five years of my life, from twenty to twenty-five, were such a condition. Two children were born to us, a boy and a girl. What seemed strange to me was that, though I gave them a boundless love, that which I bore their father, instead of being dimipished, was increased. Truly love must be, like space, infinite.

Up to this point there had been an expansion of happiness. Suddenly there came a check. Our youngest child sickened and died. I have described with some minuteness what I have likened to the gradual unfolding of a flower. I have no heart to give more than a brief mention of its blighting. Within a few months after the first death a second occurred, and within another year I lost my husband.

For a time I was in a sort of collapse, in which I did not take enough interest in my surroundings to be affected by them. After one has met with a serious accident or has been operated upon by a surgeon the senses are deadened; then comes the beginning of pain. It was so with me. When I became myself my surroundings were painful to me. Some persons similarly situated nurse their grief by living in such surroundings. I longed to get away from them. Friends advised me to seek recovery in the many new scenes and interesting objects that are to be found abroad. I took their advice. I sailed for Europe, leaving the place where I had been so happy in the hands of an agent for sale. One thing I was resolved upon—never to return to it.

It may be considered that my story is one of coincidence. It is more than that. It is an illustration of the very different conditions that may occur in the life of a single person. Masters of romance have maintained that there should not be in song or story but one love. Playwrights never bring a second on to the stage. They portray rather romance than real life and do not give all that real life needs. They are of the same order as the people of India who believe that the wife should die on the funeral pyre of her husband.

I may be weaker than some women or I may be stronger. Possibly I may have less depth of feeling, though that I will not admit. I saw only in nursing my grief a dreadful life before me. I recognized the principle that no two absorbing ideas can occupy the brain at one time. I did all that I could to interest myself in what was about me. True, I did not at first succeed, and when I did only partially so. I dreaded the word forget, and yet I realized that to avoid suffering I must temporarily forget. I forced myself to feel that after a time I would be reunited with my loved ones and that meanwhile I must, except occasionally, put them out of my mind.

I made my home abroad. Three years after my bereavement I married again. I did so partly because I was lonely, partly because I wished for a man to rely upon, as is natural to any woman, partly because the man I married assured me that I could give him an interest in life and lastly because I became attached to him. He was an American, like myself, and, being wealthy, gave himself up to study. He lived abroad that he might write books which required his presence among the subjects of which he wrote.

For five years after our marriage we continued our residence abroad. During this period children were born to us. There was a tacit mutual agreement between us that I should not talk about the world in which I had lived. I saw that he would rather leave that to me, considering himself as having no part in it, and I had no desire to make him a part of it. He was absorbed in his literary work, and if I ever told him even where I had lived he soon forgot it.

Then he was called to America on the matter of some property that needed his attention. It was agreed between us that he should leave me and our children in Lucerne, where we were then living. He expected to be absent not more than two months, but soon after his arrival in America he was induced to write for a publisher a work necessitating his presence in America. He suggested my coming home with the children, but left me to consult my own feelings in the matter.

I had never intended to return to the United States, dreading lest it would reawaken me to my lost world. But with a husband and children that world had receded further and further from me till the consciousness of it had grown very dim. I wrote my husband that I would go back to the western hemisphere and remain there. I was tired of moving about from one place to another and the children were coming to that age when they should have steady instruction at school. Our boys I preferred to bring up in America. I therefore suggested to my husband that he buy a place in which we might settle. He replied that he agreed with me and would carry out my suggestions. Later he wrote me that he had bought a place in the suburbs of the city wherein it would be necessary for him to do his work.

We arrived after dark. I was delighted at our reunion, as were the father and the children. I did not ask where our home was to be. I intended to be satisfied with it, pleased with it, wherever it was. We took a train and in less than an hour alighted at a station, where a carriage was waiting for us. It was very dark when we reached our home and I saw nothing of it till I stood in the hall. Then I caught at a banister to prevent my falling.

I was in the house I had left more than ten years before with a blighted heart.

"My dear!" exclaimed my husband, starting toward me.

But in a twinkling I had recovered myself. And what had enabled me to do so? The sudden appearance of an object. Ah, those objects that come to us! How much more valuable oftentimes than realization! I must at least for the present spare my good man the inexpressible pain of knowing what he had brought upon me.

"Nothing," I replied. "A little giddiness at having been so long rolling at sea."

"Nothing you don't like, is there?" he asked anxiously.

"On the contrary, I am very well pleased. Let us see the rest of it."

He took me into every room in the house, a house that had been sold twice since I had parted with it and both times with the furniture included. Not for the world would I have betrayed that these rooms, closets, corners, with every bed, table, bureau, had been familiar to me from childhood. But when it was over I passed the night alone in a room opening into one occupied by the children.

No tongue or pen can describe what that night was to me.

When morning came I found that if I could endure the first shock I could endure more. I deferred from day to day telling what had happened. My husband was delighted with his purchase, and before I had gained heart to tell him my secret he had become a fixture in it. Months passed, then years. My husband is now an old man and my children are grown. None of them know that their mother has been living in her second earthly world.

And yet, after all, this coincidence has not brought me unhappiness. I have been living two existences, both of which are dear to me, the one near by, the other in the far past and future; the one of flesh and blood, the other of spiritual form. In time it will be a spiritual mingling of the two.

The Molly Gray

A Girl Makes Good a Claim

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Clarkson threw aside his pick.

He posted his notice of possession by laying the paper on the newly broken ground and placing a stone on top to keep it from blowing away. Any one who jumped that claim now might expect the wild justice of the mining camp to be visited upon him.

As he drew near the camp the thunder of the stamp mills smote the air, and the blur of smoking chimneys dimmed the eastern sky.

Pete Clarkson's persistent efforts and dogged determination to find something that would enrich him sufficiently to offer Molly Gray a home had resulted in his striking what was probably the lost vein of the Great Dome ledge.

He stopped once at the house of Jim Gray, superintendent of the Great Dome, and Molly Gray, sweet as a rose, with gray eyes, brown hair, pink cheeks and pink gown, came to the door.

"How'd you make out, Pete?" she asked, her little brown hand lost in his great earth stained palm.

"It's the Molly Gray," he said quietly, thrusting the lump of ore into her other hand.

"Oh, Pete," she cried joyfully, "where?"

"On Crow ledge, near Crow rock."

"Where we saw the sunset that night?"

"Same place."

"What were you doing there, Pete?" she asked, with dimpling cheeks.

"Prospectin'," he grinned sheepishly. Then, passing his hand over his unshorn chin, he nodded toward the Great Dome smelter. "I guess it will be all right now down there," he said confidently.

"You know it has always been all right with me, Pete," said Molly softly.

"I know," he said soberly. "I'm goin' down now to git out my papers. I'll stop on my way back."

"Haven't you registered yet?" she asked anxiously.

"Nope; stopped here first thing. Got her staked all right, though, and the name posted. Goin' back there to make camp. So long; see you later." And with a backward wave of his hand he loped down toward the registering office.

From the doorway of the cabin at the head of the street Molly, holding a pair of fieldglasses to her pretty eyes, watched him enter the office. Then her gaze fell upon the figure of a man sprawled upon the rough veranda encircling the one roomed building. A wide brimmed hat was drawn over his eyes, and to all appearances he was lost in slumber.

Molly looked at the open window over the man's head and calculated that if Pete Clarkson announced his discovery in his usual bluff, hearty accents it could readily be heard by the man on the veranda if he were awake and listening, and if it should prove to be Dave Lumly, who was own brother to Jim Lumly, the registrar of claims, why, then, Pete Clarkson would have a race for his claim, that was all. She remembered the case of Allan Smith, the young prospector from the east who made a find and staked his claim. Before he could register it and return to the scene Dave Lumly had news of the find and had jumped the claim. With his brother to back his title to it Lumly had defied the sheriff and his posse to oust him. Young Smith had shot himself, and, after all, the mine had proved worthless.

Ah, the somnolent one arose slowly, stretched himself, took a careful survey of the street; then, with a swift movement, leaped into the saddle of a waiting sorrel and rode out Black lane. It was Dave Lumly.

Presently she saw Pete emerge from the registry office and cross the street to the assayers. With sudden energy she re-entered the house, scribbled a few lines informing Pete of her whereabouts in case she could not find him, pinned the note to the front door, saddled her little mare, Daisy, mounted and dashed down the street toward the assay office.

"Pete Clarkson?" repeated Browning. "Just left here for down the street."

"If he comes back tell him to go up to our place. There's a message for him. Will you tell him?" she inquired breathlessly.

"Sure thing, Miss Molly," he said heartily, then he watched her disappear down the long street and out upon the short cut through the canyon to Crow mountain. The afternoon sun shone on her hatless head and the light wind fluttered her pink skirts as the little mare broke into a gallop.

Once she drew rein and took a swift survey of the country.

Mile after mile the mare covered, scrambling up steep hillsides and sliding recklessly down the slopes. Molly, with blazing eyes and compressed lips, watched for the reappearance of the sorrel horse and its slouching rider. Lumly, taking advantage of the information he had gleaned at the registry office, would remove Pete's stake, substitute one of his own and claim possession of the Molly Gray. If she could only reach Crow rock before Dave Lumly she would fight with all the fierceness of old Jim Gray himself for the possession of her lover's rights.

Molly frowned as she thought all these things over, and every now and then she turned and looked back along the trail for some sign of the approach of Pete Clarkson. If he returned to the cabin, as he had intended doing, he would find her note.

With heart beating in time to the muffled thud of Daisy's hoofs, she drew rein on the crest of the ledge and looked about for Dave Lumly, but he was not in sight, and with resumed confidence she cantered along the narrow, uneven trail to Crow rock.

When she rounded the rock the sorrel was nipping the parched turf and Lumly, on his knees, was stuffing a piece of white paper into his pocket. His back was toward her, and he had doubtless mistaken the tread of her horse for the trampling of his own beast.

"Look here, Dave Lumly!"

Lumly jumped to his feet and looked into the barrel of a revolver leveled with cool precision.

"You git outer my way, young lady," he snarled defiantly, making a movement to grasp her bridle rein.

"Stop there or I'll fire!" she said calmly.

"What do you want?" he growled, looking at her out of stealthy red eyes.

"I want you to put that paper back in the hole," she commanded sharply.

"And if I don't?" he grinned savagely.

"Why, if you don't," she said, with a calculating glance, "I believe I'll just bore your right arm!"

"The devil you will! It seems to me you are pretty highty tighty, miss."

"Are you going to do that?" she asked.

"Oh, sure; of course I couldn't refuse a lady," he said, taking the paper from his pocket with his right hand and furtively reaching with his left around to his hip.

"Your left hand up!" she commanded again.

With a muttered oath he swung his arm aloft. The sorrel horse drew near and thrust an inquiring nose toward his master. With a quick movement Lumly held out the paper, the sorrel caught it between his lips, and in another instant it fell to the ground a mass of pulp. Lumly laughed exultingly.

Molly Gray whitened about the lips. "Other hand up!" she commanded shortly.

The man obeyed.

"Turn your back and walk toward me." Then, as he hesitated, she added contemptuously: "Don't be afraid I'm not going to shoot you in the back."

He turned sullenly and backed slowly up to the mare's side. With muzzle pressed close to his shock of rough hair she abstracted the six shooter from his belt and ascertained that there was no other weapon. The man trembled slightly. It was a pesky dangerous thing to have a woman fooling with a revolver. One never knew what—

"Now walk forward twenty steps and don't turn; if you do it will be for the last time!" Molly did not recognize her own sweet voice in the firm tones that cut the air like the lash of a whip.

The man obeyed. When, at her word of command, he faced about, the feet of the little mare were gathered in the hole in the ground, and her rider, with shining eyes and bright, glad smile, looked at him down the length of his own six shooter.

"In fifteen minutes at the latest Pete Clarkson, Mill Hodges and the sheriff will strike this ledge. I advise you, Dave Lumly, if you value your life, to prospect around Cartertown way for a few years. The trail is plain; there's your horse, and I'm giving you a chance."

Lumly looked back down the trail. Several horsemen were riding rapidly up Crow creek bottom. There was a flash of sunlight on metal.

With a muttered curse he turned toward his horse. "You'll pay for this holdup, girl," he said threateningly.

"It's not a holdup; it's a hold down," retorted Molly saucily.

As Lumly disappeared among the distant western slopes three men rode madly down the trail and rounded Crow rock in a cloud of dust and a scatter of flying stones. Molly Gray, with trembling lips, smiled upon them.

"Where is he?" demanded Pete, while the other men looked unmingled disappointment and admiration upon pretty Molly.

She pointed toward the west, where a solitary horseman was silhouetted against the amber sunset sky ere it dropped behind a distant hill.

"So you let the critter go!" uttered the sheriff ruefully.

Pete looked at her questioningly.

"I didn't want bloodshed on Crow rock, Pete," she explained in a low tone.

A light of understanding came into his eyes. He nodded his head. "That's all right, sheriff. I guess that coyote won't jump any more claims hereabouts, I reckon."

"Where is your claim, Pete?" asked Hawkes, looking curiously around.

"Here, it is," interpolated Molly, blushing. "He was jumping it when"—

"And you stood him off?" chorused the men.

She nodded gravely. "He fed the paper to the horse, so I held him up, and now I'm holding down the claim myself."

"I don't understand," said Hodges blindly.

"Why, you see," faltered Molly, while Pete grinned fatuously upon her. "I'm the claim—that is, I'm Molly Gray, and I'm holding down the claim. It's the Molly Gray, you know," she said, slipping down from the saddle into the outstretched arms of her lover.

WOMAN'S IDEAL HOME

Showing How the Comet Was a Blessing After All.

By A. B. [illegible]LE

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"Fellows," said Ned Griggs as they were packing up to leave the university at the close of their college course, "I have a proposition to make. My cousin Loretta Butler"—

"The pretty one you were gallivanting around with on class day?" interrupted Fred Mason.

"The same. She's gone out with a lot of girls and old maids to establish a new woman's institution of some sort. They call it the Woman's Ideal home. The object is to establish a propaganda for the amelioration of the condition of women"—

"Woman's rights, votes for women, equal pay for women with men and all that?" asked Clarence Hughes.

"Exactly. They won't have a man on the premises. Now, I propose that we investigate the Woman's Ideal home. What do you say?"

"That invited we stay, forbidden we go."

"Don't you fool yourself about getting in easily," said Griggs. "We'll have to effect an entrance by strategy."

After a conference the young men decided to write a letter to the president of the Woman's Ideal home ostensibly from one of several women desiring to establish a similar institution requesting permission for a committee to inspect the home and look into the constitution and bylaws. As soon as the young men were established in a camp which they had prepared for their summer outing the letter was written, and in due time a reply was received inviting the committee to the Woman's Ideal home.

There were but three out of a dozen young men of sufficiently delicate and youthful appearance to warrant their attempting to personate women. These were Ned Griggs, Fred Mason and Clarence Hughes.

"Ladies," said the president of the home on receiving them, "I welcome you to our institution in the hope that you may duplicate it, and others may duplicate yours till our land is full of such homes for women."

"Mrs. President," replied Mr. Griggs, "it will be our object to duplicate the work you are doing."

The president designated three elderly maiden ladies to show the visitors the institution. Mason and Hughes were so disgruntled at the selection of the guides that they came near giving away the party by their stifled grunts and grimaces. However, the three old maids and the three visitors sallied forth on the tour. At the end of ten minutes there were three old maids and two visitors. One of the visitors had lagged behind and couldn't be found. At the end of twenty minutes there were still three guides, but another visitor was missing. The inspectors seemed to be melting away like John Brown's little Indians in the nursery rhyme. Just half an hour after the start the three elderly guides stood alone together wondering what they were there for.

The first visitor to drop off was Ned Griggs. His cousin, Miss Butler, had recognized him. Shocked at his presence in the home and fearing the consequences for him if detected, she had beckoned him to drop behind with a view to getting him out as soon as possible. The second dropper out, Mason, had taken a desperate fancy to a black eyed girl the party had passed on their tour and concluded to get what information he desired about the home from her rather than the regularly appointed guides. Hughes, finding himself deserted, told his conductors that he feared something had happened to his two associate committee women and he had better go and look for them. Coming upon a blue eyed, flaxen haired girl, he begged her to assist him in his search.

The president was looking over the proofs of an article detailing the objects of the home when the three guides entered. The president looked up and, seeing the ladies alone, was astonished.

"Where are the ladies you had in charge?" she asked.

"Don't know," said one of the guides.

"Don't know! What do you mean?"

"One after the other they disappeared."

"Good gracious!"

Stepping to a bell button, she pushed five times, which meant that every woman in the institution should report in person immediately at the president's office. In a twinkling old, middle aged and young ladies came pouring into the room. When there seemed to be no more to come the president ordered:

"Call the roll."

The roll was called. The A's were all present, but when the B's were reached Miss Butler (Loretta) was absent. Among the F's Miss Fairchild (Dora) failed to respond. A third ominous silence occurred when Miss Waterman (Helen) was called upon to answer.

"Ladies," said the president sternly, "there was something unusual in the appearance of the three visitors that made me hesitate to show them our institution. It is evident from their nonappearance upon the sounding of the alarm that they are somewhere in the building, and the nonappearance of Misses Butler, Fairchild and Waterman, three of the prettiest girls in our home, means that these visitors are—you, ladies, we may be sure that they are men!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed a hundred voices, and 200 hands were clasped over another hundred bosoms.

"You ladies were appointed to show these—these intruders the premises. Go at once and make a search for them. Bring them and the three missing girls here. All others remain where you are."

Meanwhile there was a concentration of the enemy's forces. The three visitors and the three missing young ladies were in a room together, and the girls knew that the visitors were men who had walked into a lion's or rather a lioness' den. Miss Butler was terror stricken on behalf of her cousin, and the other two girls sympathized with her and them. The girls were startled at the sound of the signal order for all to appear in the president's office. Miss Butler, seeing that the battle was on, took command. Two points of retreat were to be considered, the cellar and the cupola. She chose the latter.

"You girls," she said to Misses Fairchild and Waterman, "go and report. Leave these boys to me."

"It would not be honorable," said Miss Fairchild, "to let you shoulder the matter. I shall go with you."

"Me, too," said Miss Waterman, her excitement getting the better of her grammar.

The six of them ran up to the cupola and closed the trapdoor behind them. Then they all sat down on the door, screened from any one below by the encircling railing and seat.

Battles are often won or lost in consequence of some trifling incident, and it was so in this case. One of the searchers, whose part it was to visit the cupola attempted to open the trapdoor. Since she could not move it, she assumed that it was locked. She was about to go for the key when it occurred to her that if it were locked no one could hide there, so she reported "nothing found."

When the search committee returned to the president and reported that not only the three visitors, but the three prettiest girls in the home, had vanished a hundred voices mingled, each voice suggesting some means whereby the vanishment might have occurred. In this way much time was consumed, and a couple of hours had elapsed before any further action was taken.

"'Night or Blucher,' as Wellington said at Waterloo," moaned Griggs.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Hughes.

"I mean that if we don't get a show to leave the place pretty soon under cover of darkness it's all up with us."

Fortunately while he spoke the shadows were deepening. As soon as it was dark he told the others that he was going to slide down a steep descent of the roof to a lightning rod and thence to the ground. If he was not put out of the sight, then the next man was to leave by the same route. The girls told him the rod had been in place for thirty years or more and surely would not hold. But Griggs determined to try it. Hughes watched him as he descended till he was lost in the darkness. Presently there was the sound of a shake on the rod, a signal agreed upon to indicate that he was on terra firma.

Hughes followed Griggs, and Mason followed Hughes. The girls were alone.

Now, it needs to be stated that all this occurred at the time when Halley's comet was flaunting its tail at the earth in the western sky. No sooner had the last man descended than Miss Butler, looking up at the heavens for inspiration in forming a plan to get out of the dilemma, saw the comet.

"Girls, I have it," she exclaimed.

"How? What? Which?" cried the other two at once.

"Open the trap and call down for them to come up and see the comet."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the other two.

Miss Fairchild pulled up the trap, and all called out:

"Hello, hello! Mary, Blanche, Sadie, everybody! Come up and see the comet."

The ladies, who were scattered about below, all ran to the foot of the cupola stairs.

"Call Mrs. President!" cried Miss Wrinkles, vice president and custodian.

The president was called. Meanwhile the calls from above were continued.

"Oh, do everybody come up and see the comet! It's beautiful. The tails are as long as a broom handle."

"Young ladies," cried the stern voice of the president, "come down and give an account of yourselves!"

The girls descended, each wearing a well feigned look of innocent surprise.

"How long have you been up there?" asked the president.

"We went up this afternoon," said Miss Butler, "with our work. It was so cool up there. Then when it began to get dark we concluded we'd stay till the comet grew visible."

"Indeed! Where were you when the signal bell rang?"

"What signal bell?"

"To report at my office."

"Was there a signal bell to report at your office?"

"There was. Now I wish you to tell me what has become of the three visitors who came here this afternoon."

"What three visitors?"

The president, seeing that she was baffled, gave in, and when the girls turned upon her for her unjust suspicions she apologized and gave orders that the disagreeable episode should not be again mentioned.

That night the visitors told the story of their adventures beside the campfire.

An Innocent Accomplice.

A smuggling story in which a woman fooled her unsuspecting husband is told in the Century. The husband was a retired general, a martinet in discipline and overscrupulous regarding even the shadow of laxity in the performance of his own obligations. "No smuggling was to be permitted," he told his wife, and before leaving Paris he insisted on making a full list of every dutiable article in his possession. Unknown to him she bought several yards of venetian lace. How to hide it was a problem until she thought of ripping the lining of his overcoat and hiding the lace inside. She regarded her cunning as a tremendous joke, and to this day he does not know how she laughed to herself when, wearing that very same coat on the dock, he drew himself up to his full military height and, with free conscience, pointed to a tray containing "all his purchases." No idea of anything so serious as defrauding the government had ever entered her frolicsome mind.

He Needed a Prodding.

His arm was round her waist, her hand was on his shoulder, and they were walking through the fields as they had been wont to do for nine long years.

"Em," said he, "we've been coortin' a tidy time now."

"Nine year come next August—bank holiday, George."

"I told you, fust start off, as how I shouldn't be in no hurry to git married, Em."

"You didn't tell no lie about it, neither, George," she declared, with a sigh.

"You're a-talkin' as if you was sorry that I'm a man o' my word, Em," he said reprovingly.

"Well, George," she replied, "now you mention it I have bin thinkin' this last year or two that if you could see your way to go back on your word just this once it wouldn't be amiss."—London Mail.

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